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JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

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A MAID FORLORN.

BY THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER IV.

When Cissy—who, in her enforced concealment, could hear all that passed in the next room—had listened to the Major's spoken determination not to quit his seat until dinner was announced, her heart died within her. The anteroom—closet rather—was stuffy, above all things, dark; and if there was one thing in the world to which Cissy strenuously objected, it was the dark.

Yet even at this pass she put her faith in the man who had beguiled her into her prison, trusting to him to bring her safely out of it again, and that without delay. But when this man coolly left the drawing-room—and left her to her fate—and she heard his footsteps dying away through the hall, her faith melted like the morning dew the poet sings of, and her indignation knew no bounds.

To calmly forsake her, desert her in her hour of need! Could anything be more abominable, more base, than such conduct! She knew nothing of the second door and Craven's eager efforts to release her, and therefore abused him heartily whilst standing, cold, half-frightened, in her detested shelter. Would she have to stay there in "durance vile" until dinner was served? She supposed so; unless, indeed, something very unforeseen—nay, marvelous—should happen, now he had so cruelly abandoned her.

Even as she so decided, the unforeseen, the marvelous did actually occur. A noise outside attracted her—not that it was very attractive in itself—a breath, a snort, a—Was it, could it be a snore? It was. A veritable, undeniable prolonged snore.

Miss Rivers laid her hand upon her bosom. Emancipation seemed near. Opening the door cautiously, she peeped out, and saw the Major in the sullen glow of the firelight wrapped in innocent slumber. "Now or never" was her motto. Still cautiously she came forth, and began her journey through the long, unlighted room, hoping to make her escape without discovery.

Two doors lay before her, one leading into the hall, one into the conservatory. Keeping well in the shadow, she skirted the wall, and passed the first window in all safety.

The Major still snored on tranquilly, enchantingly—sweeter music Miss Rivers had never heard—but, alas, as she reached the second window, her heavy serge gown caught in one of those fragile abominations of the present day—a weakly chair done in gold and ebony, a woven seat of rushes—and the delicate article came to the ground, dragging with it a flower-stand and a few other things of little value, but undoubted china manufacture, to judge by the crash that followed.

With a loud snort, the Major awoke and turned his head in her direction. The malicious fire blazed brightly, and she knew she was seen, indistinctly, yet distinctly.

To fly was the one thought uppermost in her mind, and, the conservatory door being nearest, she made for that. The Major followed in hot pursuit, crying "Thieves!"—cowardice, unfortunately, not being one of his many vices. She had her hand on the handle of the desired door; it resisted her; in her agitation she had turned the handle the wrong way; and, in spite of his gouty foot, the Major was gaining on her.

Here the kindly gods came to her aid; the Major stumbled over the prostrate chair, the broken flower-pot, and the other trifles, and came heavily to his knees. Picking himself up however from amongst the *debris*, he continued his chase, nothing daunted, muttering an imprecation. Cecil, having turned the refractory handle by this time and entered the conservatory, got hurriedly behind a huge shrub, rich in leaves, that adorned one corner, and with the calmness of despair awaited Fate.

It came in the shape of the Major—mumbling and grumbling. He too entered the conservatory, looked eagerly around him, and found it, as he believed, to his consternation—empty!

No sign of any human thing betrayed itself to his astonished eyes, and the door leading to the steps and the open air was locked on the inside; yet surely it was this way the figure—the—whatever it was—had passed a moment since!

"Ugh; nobody after all!" he growled, in disgust. "Nothing to show for my trouble. Must have been a ghost. Couldn't have been dreaming, as I never sleep before dinner, never. Ghost, of course! These wretched old houses are always full of 'em—at least, so I'm told. Haven't seen one till to-night. Well, it's a new experience; but I can't say I think much of it. Tame, very tame. Ugh, ugh, what a draughty hole!"—and so back, still grumbling, to his arm-chair and Morpheus again, leaving Cecil, terrified but safe, behind her friendly shrub.

When Craven comes up to the drawing-room fire—puzzled and uncertain how to proceed—the Major so far rouses himself for the second time as to ask languidly:

"Whom have you got in the house besides the servants?"

Craven is somewhat taken aback, but has sufficient presence of mind left him to enable him to ask blandly in turn:

"How do you mean?"

"Well, my dear fellow, the most extraordinary thing has happened. A few moments since some one, who refused to answer me, walked deliberately through this room."

"This room!" repeats Craven, innocently.

"Yes, here—there—over on that spot," answers the Major, testily, but disconnectedly. "I saw it with my own eyes. I wasn't asleep, you know"—sternly. "I never do that sort of thing out of my bed; but I confess I was in deep thought about—about your affairs, when a noise attracted my attention. I looked up, and there was a figure just beyond, near the curtains—a dark figure"—reflectively. "It couldn't have been a winding-sheet, because it was quite dark."

"The housekeeper, no doubt," says Craven, with an air of settled conviction.

"Eh?"—incredulously. "Is your housekeeper a very slim young woman?"

"Well, not so very slim," admits Mr. Craven, suppressing the fact that both his arms would not meet round Mrs. Richards's waist.

"Has she fair hair?" catechises the Major.

"Not exactly, though it might be considered so by this light," says Craven, suppressing the second fact that every hair in Mrs. Richards's head that is not white is of the raven's hue.

"Does she always," demands his inquisitor anxiously, "wear a dark, noiseless gown?"

"Always," returns Craven, unblushingly, even as he calls to mind Mrs. Richards's favorite dress, a wine-colored silk of curious texture, that literally crackles as she goes.

"Oh, well, it wasn't the housekeeper! It was a lady, in my opinion"—mysteriously—"the ghost of a lady. It reminds me strongly of somebody." The Major pauses, and Craven's blood runs cool. "No doubt"—thoughtfully—"it was the ghost of one of your grandaunts, who both died here." Craven breathes again.

"You don't surely believe in ghosts?" he says, laughing, feeling intense relief, and imagining Cissy safe in Mrs. Richards's parlor.

"Why not?" retorts the Major. "Nothing is impossible. And I tell you I watched her minutely, and, as I watched, she reached the door over there, paused a moment, and then disappeared. I searched every hole and corner in the conservatory"—the Major firmly believes he has done so—"but could discover no sign of a living occupant; and the door leading to the garden was locked on the inside. She must have gone through the key-hole, or else melted into thin air; that's the usual thing, isn't it? The only thing that staggers me," he adds, "is the color; she ought to have been in white, oughtn't she?—graveclothes and that—eh?"

"Sometimes they vary," answers Craven, gravely. "I suppose even our defunct relatives have their fancies; and I have heard of people appearing after many years in the garments they last wore, or at least most affected, when in life. Perhaps my grandaunts looked with scorn upon gaudy raiment. It went into the conservatory, did you say?"—carelessly. "Very curious! No doubt you are right; most old families have their skeletons; it is rather respectable than otherwise, and pride feels no pain. I think, do you know, I shall just take a look in there myself."

He saunters slowly down the room, lest the Major should guess at his inward anxiety, and has hardly got through the glass door when two cold nervous little hands fasten on his arm and a voice whispers with tremulous eagerness—

"Let me out of this at once—at once."

"How imprudent of you," he whispers back, "to come here!"

"How unkind of you," she retorts, "to leave me there!"

He begins a vehement explanation, still in a whisper; and, peace being restored, he draws her to the door opening on to the steps that lead to the ground beneath; and, having passed through, they bolt the door, this time on the outside, and once more feel free.

The reaction agrees with Cecil; she stops short on the top step, he standing a little below her, and laughs aloud.

"If he had found me then," she says, "after his hard run, nothing would have cleared me. What should I have done?"

"I know what I should have done," returns Craven. "I should have strangled him then and there. It would have been the only way out of it, and I should not have hesitated for a moment."

"Poor old man; he little knows what a violent death he has escaped! But are you sure he has heard nothing about me?"

"Certain. He does not allow his man to say even 'good-morning' to him—thinks it *infra dig.*—so of course he hears no gossip; and, as you know, he is leaving here the first moment it is practicable."

Whether this last remark suggests other thoughts, who can say? But on the instant Miss Rivers turns her face heavenward, pauses a little, and then lays her hand upon his shoulder.

"What, have you noticed nothing?" she says, with suppressed excitement. "See, see—it has ceased to snow!"

"So it has," he returns slowly, the enthusiasm that ought to belong to the occasion being absent from his tone.

"What a way you say that!" she exclaims, severely, scrutinizing his face in the dim light. "Just as if you did not care, as if you were not a bit glad. Why"—after a pause "I actually think you are sorry!"

"Don't think it; be sure of it," responds the young man gloomily.

Perhaps at this point it occurs to Cecil—who in some matters is a wise child—that his tone is dangerous. At all events, she declines to continue the conversation, and begins again to descend the steps slowly. But presently they become aware that the snow has arisen as high as the second step from the bottom, and the portico of the hall-door is thirty yards distant; and how shall velvet shoes and silk stockings and dainty little feet wade through it all without getting wet?

"What is to happen next?" she asks, making a comical gesture of despair with her hand. "I forgot all about the snow, and that I must walk through it to get indoors again. Oh, that tiresome Major!"

"Can I— Would it— May I carry you across?" he demands, with a proper amount of hesitation.

"Oh, no!"—shrinking back. "I shouldn't like that at all."

"Well, I didn't suppose you would, you know!" he returns, somewhat aggrieved. "But I see nothing else to be done, and it will only be for a moment."

"Dear me, it isn't that!" says Cissy, honestly, divining his thoughts. "I don't mind that so much as— Are you sure—positive—you would not let me fall!"

He laughs.

"Let you fall," he says—"a child like you! I am not such a puny fellow as you seem to imagine."

He draws himself up to his full height, which is magnificent, throws up his chin rather scornfully, and in this attitude certainly looks as fine a specimen of manhood as one need wish to see. Miss Rivers, though piqued, has to admit this fact.

"Child!" she says, indignantly. "I'm not a child. I was eighteen last month. How long does one continue to be a child, I wonder?"

"I beg your pardon"—meekly. "I retract my words. Let me say rather that I think I am sturdy enough to bear the weight of a middle-aged lady of your size."

"I'm heavier than you think"—doubtfully.

"How do you know what I think? But indeed you need not be afraid; I have often before carried women over the snow and swollen streams and that, and never yet broke down beneath my burden."

"Oh, indeed, have you?" says Cissy, with just one flash from her violet eyes. "How considerate of you! You remind me forcibly of one of your own stalwart knights in the gallery upstairs. Do you really spend your winters then in carrying distressed damsels over stony and snowy places? How slow you must find your summers!"

"Well, not quite! I do a few other things," answers Mr. Craven, mildly. "I mean, I have helped my sister once or twice, you know, when she was in a dilemma, and—"

"And your cousins and your aunts, no doubt," interrupts Miss Cissy, still willful.

"I'll tell you what it is!" he exclaims briskly, refusing further discussion. "You will catch your death of cold if you stay here arguing any longer. Your hands"—touching one of them—"are already nearly frozen. Come."

"Well, then, if I must"—still wavering. "Remember, it is only out of regard for your great-grandmother's velvet slippers that I give in. And indeed, after all, if I took them off, could I not—"

"No; you could not"—decisively; and, as though to end all controversy, he here takes her bodily up in his arms and bears her safely over the snow into the warmth and light of the grand old hall.

As she regains her feet, Cecil laughs a little and shakes her head, as though to rearrange the soft bright hair that a moment since brushed across his cheek as he carried her. Then she leans against the side of the inner door and sighs profoundly, as though thankful the journey that has seemed so unkindly short and so cruelly sweet to him is at an end. After which, with her most matter-of-fact air, she says sedately—

"Now go at once and change your boots. It will be quite as bad for you to catch cold as for me."

"Not quite. You have a mother, a sister, and"—with a slight contraction of the brows—"of course many others, to whom your sickness would be pain."

"Well, yes!" returns Cissy, slowly.

"But I— There is no one in the world I believe who would feel very much regret if I died."

"Oh, don't say that!" she exclaims, earnestly. "It is not true."

"Is it not? I know of no one."

"I do." She colors crimson, stays a moment, and then, as though compelled to finish her sentence, goes on calmly—"I know some one who would be very sorry indeed."

"Do you mean yourself?" he asks, quickly.

"Yes." She answers him honestly, because she can see no reason why she should not do so. He has been very kind to her. Surely she would be ungrateful to feel no sorrow at his death! Then she smiles carelessly, and says, with the most unsympathetic air, "So now you are bound to go and make yourself comfortable, as it would be an act of unpardonable rudeness on your part to make me 'very sorry indeed.' Was not that what I said?"

She has moved into the second hall, and is now standing within the full glare of the lamplight. Craven, who has followed her, thinks she is the most charming picture his eyes have ever seen; and it may be that his eyes tell her so.

"One moment," he says, seeing she is about to disappear. "You allowed just now that, if anything were to happen to you, your mother and—some others—would grieve for you. Are there—do not think me rude; I have no right to ask the question, I know—but are there many others?"

"Yes, a great many," she responds promptly, some surprise in her tone and in her large eyes, which she has opened to their fullest extent and has fixed upon him. "Why do you ask?"

"'There is safety in a multitude,'" quotes the young man, with a rather forced smile. "Is there no one in particular?"

"Do you mean a lover?" she asks, slowly, blushing again, a soft sweet blush, yet evidently much amused. "Dear me, no! I have any number of friends, but not one lover—at present. My last was a dear old thing of about sixty, excellently preserved; but he died eight months ago, and ever since I have been the actual 'Maid forlorn.' Ronnie"—regretfully—"has two lovers just now; but I have none."

Mr. Craven does not appear to sympathize with her affliction. On the contrary, he grows more cheerful with every word she utters, and at her last positively beams.

"And you—do you care for no one?" he asks, forgetful of everything but his intense desire to know.

Miss Rivers, who is still palpably amused, thinks this question just a little too much, and telling herself it is her turn now, determines to punish him for it. So she hesitates, opens her lips as though to speak, checks herself suddenly, looks down, turns a ring round and round upon her finger, and finally says, very consciously—

"I am afraid I do."

This is a crushing blow. All Craven's content dies on the spot. He glowers, knits his brow, and looks utterly miserable.

"Somebody, then, is very fortunate," he answers, rather unsteadily.

"But there are two of them," explains Cissy, shaking her head in a perplexed fashion, "and I can not quite decide which I love best."

"Love!" he echoes, in a desperate tone.

"Yes; I feel I adore them," she confesses, with unaffected and growing ardor. "So would you if you knew them. I sometimes tell myself it is unlucky to love them as I do, with all my heart."

"But you can not love two men equally!" he exclaims, aghast at this daring declaration. "It is impossible!"

Cissy, as though thoroughly confounded by his words, moves back a step or two, and raises one hand in bewilderment.

"Two men!" she says, disdainfully. "Of what are you thinking? Are you so behind the times as to imagine I should do such a rococo thing as to love a man? No, indeed; I was but thinking of—mamma and Ronnie."

As though aware of her victory, she finishes this saucy speech with a merry laugh, and moves away from him in the direction of Mrs. Richards's parlor. She looks so arch, yet so provoking; so mischievous, yet so charming, that Craven, while acknowledging himself shamefully taken in, laughs, too, in spite of himself.

"Listen to me," he says, hastily. "If the Major goes to bed early, which, of course"—in disgust—"he won't do, because he ought—may I hope for a cup of tea from Mrs. Richards?"

"I am sure"—demurely—"she will be delighted to give it to you." Then, seeing the disappointment in his face, she adds kindly, and with a pretty smile, "Yes, do come. You will be quite welcome!"

And for once in his life the Major, though unconsciously, does the right thing, or, rather, the gout does it for him; he goes to bed early, and leaves his grateful host to follow his own devices.

* * * * * *

The next morning, what a change appears! Yesterday the world was white, but dull. To-day it is white, too, but sparkling, as though with innumerable diamonds. The snow has ceased to fall, the sun is shining bravely, lighting up with a million rays each spray and bough, on which the snow still lingers. The fir-trees have shaken off a little of their chilly burden, and now show again in parts some evidence of green. A few birds, though in a somewhat weak and melancholy fashion, are chanting a hymn of praise, and preening languidly their draggled plumage.

Cissy is so delighted with them that she opens wide her bedroom window and throws out to them the thin slice of bread and butter sent up to her with her tea half an hour before. They fly down to it, to her intense satisfaction, and chatter about it, and fight over it, before it comes to an end.

At the foot of the staircase, as she runs down to breakfast, she encounters Craven, who has been waiting for her.

"Was I not right?" she says, gayly, giving him her hand. "The weather has changed. See what a delicious morning it is! No doubt my being able to get home to-day, is there?"

"I hardly know if the horses can travel yet—the snow is so deep in some parts," he replies, avoiding her eyes.

"I shall walk if I can not go any other way," says Cissy, with quick determination and some faint doubt of him expressed in her tone.

"If it comes to that, and you must go, you certainly sha'n't walk," he returns. "I suppose, with care, a horse can be induced to go so far." Then reproachfully—"In what haste you are to be gone!"

He is looking so honestly grieved at the thought of her departure that her heart smites her.

"Only in haste to see the two at home," she says gently—"not to leave this house, where every one has been so kind to me, and where I have been quite happy. You must not for one moment think me ungrateful."

She says this so sweetly that he is comforted, and, when she has so far given in to his wishes as to breakfast with him, and has made herself specially charming throughout the meal, he is almost himself again. Directly breakfast is at an end, because he sees and understands her hurry to be gone, he orders the dog-cart to be brought round; and Cissy, once more enwrapped in her furs, is handed into it. Craven, seating himself beside her, takes the reins, the groom jumps up behind, and together they start for home.

The drive, though slow, and in parts difficult, is a rather silent one; but, just as they enter the gates of Branksmere, she, turning to him, says impulsively:

"What a long time it seems since last I was here—weeks almost!"

"I told you you were bored to death," he replies, with a curious smile, "though you were too good-natured to acknowledge it. See how heavily the time dragged."

"Nonsense! You know I did not mean that. I was only trying to explain to myself how in so short a time I could learn to regard you in such a friendly light. It seems absurd, doesn't it? Two short days—hardly two—and yet I feel quite as if you were my brother."

"Not in the least like your brother," says Craven, hastily. "Your brother would be far handsomer a fellow than I can ever hope to be. I don't feel a bit like your brother."

"Well, then, you seem to me like a very old friend"—smiling.

"I am glad of that. It tells me I am not quite out in the cold," he answers, heartily; and then they pull up at the hall-door, and the groom jumps down, and Cecil has barely time to reach the ground when Ronnie comes running out and, catching her in her arms, holds her until her mother releases her.

The liberated prisoner is embraced and kissed and examined with tearful eyes; and then, turning, flushed and smiling, toward Craven, she says, brightly:

"This is Mr. Craven, mamma. You must thank him for his kindness to me."

Mamma is secretly rather taken aback, as she has been picturing an imaginary Mr Craven to herself as a stout, middle-aged gentleman of fatherly aspect, not in the least like the tall, fashionably dressed young man who stands smiling genially down upon her now, hat in hand.

She conceals her surprise very successfully, however, and murmurs a few words of earnest gratitude; and then they all go into the house and up to the drawing-room fire, where explanations follow, and where Cissy—who is in wild spirits—makes them all laugh a good deal at her version of the adventure—especially Ronnie, who has found it intolerably dull without her.

"You will, of course, stay to luncheon," says Mrs. Rivers, pleasantly. "Your man can put up your horse for an hour or two."

She rings the bell; and Mr. Craven, who is singularly amenable to pressing on this occasion—hardly indeed requiring it, as he gives in at the first request—stays on for many hours, only tearing himself away with open reluctance as the daylight fades and thoughts of the Major and his duties as host crowd heavily upon him.

CHAPTER V.

When the young man has gone, Ronnie turns to her sister, and placing her arms round her, gives her a good hug.

"I couldn't half do it while he was looking," she says, "though I think him very nice, nevertheless."

"He was very kind, at all events," says Cissy, gratefully. "Wasn't it a wonderful adventure?"

"It might have been a terrible one," replies her mother, with a shudder.

"Oh, mamma, and who do you think was there besides me?"

"Who?"

"Major Jervis!"

"Major Jervis! And he saw you?" asks Mrs. Rivers, in a horror-stricken tone.

"Yes—but— And yet he didn't see me!" continues Cecil. And then she gives them the entire history of her escape from the Major and her terror on the occasion.

When she has finished her recital, her mother draws a breath of deep relief.

"You are sure Mr. Craven won't betray you?" she asks, still a little nervously.

"Quite sure! Mamma, how could you think him a traitor?"

"I didn't, my dear. I was merely anxious," answers Mrs. Rivers, hastily. Then she rises and quits the room for some domestic purpose.

"What nice eyes he has!" says Ronnie when the girls are alone again. "And how he uses them—though only on one object, I grant! I firmly believe, though he has been here to-day for nearly two hours, he would not, if put on his oath, know me from mamma, or mamma from me."

"I don't think he is such a stupid young man as you seem to think," returns Cissy, mildly. "And it is folly what you say, dearest; any one can see that mamma is at all events a year or two older than you."

"I am not accusing him of stupidity. I have no doubt he is a second Socrates," rejoins Ronnie, meekly. "I merely meant to say he never took his eyes off you from the time he came till he went away. I was but as dross in his sight. Well, never mind! I wonder, by the bye, when we shall see him again?"

"Some time next year, perhaps." It is now close on Christmas.

"Some time to-morrow, I should say."

"Ronnie, how can you be so absurd? What could bring him here again so soon?" says Cecil; but she blushes vividly as she puts the question.

"Well, you, I suppose," rejoins Ronnie, unabashed. "Little hypocrite that you are, why don't you confess what you know in your secret heart? What do you think he meant by asking mamma if she wanted some books to read? Simply an excuse to put in an appearance here early in the morning. Now, mark my words, it will be early. And I shouldn't at all be surprised if he ordered up the whole library, book-shelves and all, for your delectation. My own opinion is," adds Miss Rivers, laughing, "that this poor young man is head-over-ears in love with you."

Cecil leans back in her chair and laughs also.

"And what do you think his name is?" she asks, still laughing. "It is Duke!"

"Then you are bound to marry him," says Ronnie, merrily. "You always declared you would marry a Duke if you ever met one. You certainly can't go back from it now."

"I have another idea, too," remarks Cecil. "I think—indeed I feel sure—he is Maria's young man!"

"No!" cries Ronnie. "But yes, of course. He is *un bon parti*, and just all we ever heard of the happy man who has been laid aside for her. Poor Maria! I am afraid it was a luckless day for her when you lost your way in the snow."

"Well, it is all mere supposition about Maria," says Cecil. "Of course, Mr. Craven may not be the man assigned for her by the Major."

"Of course not. But I prefer thinking he is the man. It makes it all so comfortable. You said you would like to cut out Maria, if only for vengeance sake; now you can do it. You said you would marry a Duke; now, too, you can do it. It is all like the fulfillment of a pretty dream."

"But what about you, dearest?" asks Cecil, softly. "Have you heard from him?"

"I had one letter from Sir Sydney," answers Ronnie, slowly.

"One? Well, of course, you could hardly have had more. To me it seems a long time since we came here. I feel indeed as if I had been away from you and mother for a twelvemonth— But go on, Ronnie, tell me about your letter."

"It was short, and not particularly sweet. It began 'My dear Miss Rivers,' and it ended 'Always yours most sincerely.' It was filled with London gossip, and that is all I can tell you of it until we go upstairs; then you can see the original of what I have been telling you, if you will."

"I think 'Always yours most sincerely' was very nice indeed," says Cissy. "'Yours sincerely,' would be commonplace, and quite nothing; but the 'always' and the 'most' make such a difference!"

"I am so glad to have you back!" returns Ronnie, gratefully, throwing her arms round her sister. "Do you know, Cissy, what is your principal charm? You always know just what is the right thing to say."

Ronnie's surmises prove true. The very next morning brings Mr. Craven again to Branksmere; and for the matter of that every other morning sees him there too—until a week has passed over their heads.

The day is lovely—clear and bright, and full of sunshine. All sign of snow is gone from the ground; only a thin sparkling frost, that sits lightly on tree and shrub, makes one certain it is winter still, and not early spring. From the sea comes up a moaning—sad, but sweet. A few birds, taking courage from the calmness of day and the warmth of the welcome god of light, who, up above in the blue heavens, sits enthroned, "diffusing radiant bliss around," hop from bough to bough on the bare trees, and twitter meek little songs, as though half afraid of their own temerity.

Indoors the fires are burning brightly. The logs are crackling on the top of coals; the great white Persian cat is blinking lazily on the hearth-rug, and pretty Cecil, with a huge black fan in her hand, is sitting on the rug too, her head resting against her mother's knee.

It is now the seventh day since her return home, and they are all sitting in the small morning-room—the room in the house they most affect, it is so snug and cozy,—with Duke Craven in their midst, but as near to Cecil as circumstances will permit.

"By the bye," says Craven, suddenly, *a propos* of something just said by Ronnie, "the Major is with me again, in spite of his dread of that awful ghost he encountered some days ago. He has heard of your having taken up your residence here, Mrs. Rivers, and declared his intention, this morning at breakfast, of calling upon you without loss of time. Shouldn't wonder if he came to-day."

"Old Horror," says Ronnie, irreverently.

"If he knew he was going to encounter his ghost face to face, I don't believe he would be in such a hurry to call," continues Mr. Craven, smiling at Cissy, who smiles back at him, and says, with affected fear—

"Ah, if he had found me substantial flesh and blood that night instead of barren bones, what should I have done?"

"I know what I should have done," says Ronnie, viciously. "If he had caught me on that occasion, I should have beaten him black and blue. Death would have been his portion that night. He should never, with my consent, have lived to tell the tale."

She looks such a ridiculously fragile creature to be the author of this awful speech that everyone laughs.

"I don't think even the Major would be afraid of you," remarks Craven. "Do you know, I'm not sure why I think it, but it seems to me that Jervis is rather put out at your settling down here"—he is speaking now in a low confidential tone to the girls alone, Mrs. Rivers having gone into the next room to write a letter. "He appeared disconcerted when he spoke of your being here, though why I can't imagine."

At this both girls exchange glances; the glances mean: "Ah! Didn't I tell you so? He *is* Maria's young man!"

"However, he is such a grumpy old chap always, I dare say it was imagination on my part thinking so," Craven goes on, carelessly. "Miss Cecil, did you really mean it, the other day, when you said you adored honey? Because Mrs. Richards—I can't fancy how she knew of your love for it—desired me to tell you this afternoon she has more than she knows what to do with, and wants to know if she may send you some."

"Did she really say that?" asks Cecil eagerly. "Now isn't she an old dear? Give her my love, please, Mr. Craven, and say she may send me some honey as soon as ever she likes, and tell her, too, I shall give her a kiss for it the very next moment we meet."

"Happy Richards!" says Mr. Craven, in a low tone, with an indescribable glance that is half amused, and half earnest, and wholly loving.

Ronnie laughs; and then, Mrs. Rivers returning to the room, Craven rises and takes his departure. He has not been gone half an hour when the servant announces—"Major Jervis."

Mrs. Rivers, rising, receives him very courteously, and the girls give him their hands with a passably good grace.

"Had no idea until the day before yesterday that you and the young ladies had come to reside down here," begins the Major, when he has ensconced himself in the most comfortable chair in the room and drawn himself close up to the fire. He always calls the girls the "young ladies," to Ronnie's intense disgust.

"We rather tired of town life," says Mrs. Rivers, finding she must say something.

"Ah, yes! It is disappointing at times," replies the Major, with a meaning glance at Ronnie, who takes no notice of it or him. "By the bye, I saw our common friend, Sir Sydney Walcott, in Piccadilly last week, looking uncommonly well and happy. You will all be glad to hear good accounts of him; he was such an intimate friend of yours."

"Very intimate. I know few people I like so well as Sir Sydney," says Mrs. Rivers, calmly, but she colors as she says it.

"You have made the acquaintance of Mr. Craven, I hear," remarks the Major, presently. "I am staying with him, you know."

"Yes. He himself told us so just now."

"Ah! been here already? Sharp work!" says the Major; and Cecil, who is earnestly regarding him, sees that he starts a little, and that a slight frown contracts his forehead. "Early visiting; wasn't it—eh?"

"Is it early?" asks Mrs. Rivers, languidly. "We hardly thought of that. You see, we know so few people down here as yet that we make more than usually welcome any one who is kind enough to break in upon our monotony."

"And he is just the sort of person to make 'more than usually welcome,'" returns the Major, with an unpleasant smile. "He is about the best catch down here, or anywhere else that I know of; but yet not to be caught, I think—not to be caught. Ha, ha!"

"I have heard he is very well off," says Mrs. Rivers, coldly.

[To be Continued.]

A MINK FARM.

What a Bloomin' Fresh Englishman Discovered in the West.

"There are some mighty green men in this world," said the passenger from the west to a Chicago Herald man, "and I struck one of 'em a week or two ago. If I hadn't I wouldn't be here now. I went out into Western Nebraska and homesteaded a quarter section. I hadn't seen the land, but took it supposing it was all right. But when I got there I found it already inhabited. About 150 acres of the 160 were covered with a prairie-dog town. Well, I concluded to settle down and see what I could do, and I am mighty glad now that I did. About two weeks ago I was up to the railroad station trying to get trusted for some bacon and flour and terbacker, an' feelin' right smart discouraged. I was out of money and grub, and the winter was comin' on fast, an' I couldn't see my way out of it but to eat prairie dogs, an' they're mighty hard to catch. But that day was the turning-point in my luck. While I was at the station an Englishman got off the cars an' said as how he was out West lookin' for a place to make an investment. Said he'd heard o' the fur business, an' wanted to know if he was out in the fur country yet.

"'Furs,' says I, 'there hain't no f—' an' just then an idea struck me, an' I changed my tune. 'Furs,' says I, 'there hain't no better fur country than this on 'arth. Just come out to my place till I show you my fur farm.'

"And he went out with me, and I showed him the prairie-dog town, an', as luck would have it, it was a bright, sunny day, an' the dogs was out scootin' around by the hundreds.

"'Talkin' about furs,' says I, 'what d'ye think of that? I've been six year growin' those mink, an' hain't sold a hide. It's all natural increase. Guess they's 'bout seven thousand of 'em now, an' they double every year. How many will there be in ten years?'

"You oughter see that Englishman's eyes open as he took out his pencil an' figured it up. He made it 7,168,000 mink.

"'Well, says I, call it 5,000,000 to be on the safe side. It won't cost $1 to keep 'em, either, an' if they're worth a cent they're worth $1 apiece. There's millions in it.'

"Then we got right down to business, an' in less than an hour I had sold out for $7,000 cash, an' the next day I paid $820 for the homestead at the land office, got my patent, transferred it to him, and took the first train for the the East. Step into the buffer, with me, partner, and take a drink."

Ancient History Modernized.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Mr. Jones, who was not well up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on the baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she came from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had until your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" said Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paragorically," said Mrs. Jones.

There was silence for a few moments, then Willie came on another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Antony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same. Old Cleo' used to wash for us. It's strange how they came to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head should carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask.

"Say, ma, who was Julius Cesar?"

"Oh, he was one the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently. "He was the one who said, 'Eat thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take his oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillow case uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, 'Gimme liberty, or gimme death,' and ran away."

"Bully for him," remarked Willie, shutting up the book of history. "But say, ma, how came you to know so much? Won't I lay over the other fellows to-morrow?"

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"Well, I say ma, who was Horace?"

"Your pa will tell you about him, I am tired," said Mrs. Jones.

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the author of "Tin Trumpet," and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for a president, and only composed Latin verses to pass away the time and amuse himself.

Mrs. Custer Meets Mr. Conkling.

A third person of distinction to whom I was presented was Mr. Conkling. Instead of being impressed the moment I saw him with the recollection of his speeches in public life and his career as a statesman, I was foolish and trifling enough to notice the rare sapphires in his shirt front and to feel a sense of relief on finding that his nose has its limits. Inwardly I sent a malediction on the caricaturists who have such power to give lasting impressions with their exaggerated pencils through such widely circulated mediums as the comic papers. I found Mr. Conkling as tall and as handsome as his friends have represented him; but his hair and Vandyke beard are snow white now. You can scarcely imagine how the deliberate, dignified, eloquent sentences fall on my ear amid the ripples of laughter around us and the many glib tongues all rattling on as fast as they could clatter. I contrasted the tinkle of many tea bells vehemently ringing with the sounds of a deep-toned church bell heard above them all. Every deliberate sentence was well worth the closest attention.

Catching a Thief.

A thief in Wilmington, N. C., found his lines cast in hard places when he tried to enter a house through a chimney the other night. The lady of the house got up to find out the cause of the noise, and as the night was cold kindled a big wood fire right below where the thief was stuck. After being smoked and roasted for a couple of hours the fire-eater was pulled out the chimney with the aid of a windlass and landed in jail, a sadder and a wiser man.

Catching the First Train.

"Any bears about this neighborhood?" asked a young New York sportsman, as he got off the train at a small station in Pennsylvania. While waiting for an answer he rested his gun easily on his arm and expectorated over his left shoulder.

"B'ar?" repeated an old settler. "You're jest in time, stranger. The woods is full of 'em. Are ye arter b'ar?"

"N-n no," replied the young man, "N-o, not to-day. W-when does the n-next train go e-e-ast?"

Drops of water falling continuously upon a two-inch oak plank would wear a hole through it in about thirty-five years. Moral: Drink beer.

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FRIDAY, - - - - MARCH 5, 1886.

ACCORDING to the report of the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which has just been published, the net income from the main line and branches between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh for the year 1885, was over eight millions of dollars.

OF GEO. W. WRIGHT, ex-State Senator from Mercer county, the principal contractor in conducting four of the ten Soldiers' Orphans' Schools of the State, the Johnstown *Tribune* speaks right out in meeting by saying: "George W. Wright, the villain who has been waxing rich by plucking soldiers' orphans, was in 1876 elected to represent the Lawrence and Mercer district in the State Senate. He should now be elected to represent the sum total of villainy in the darkest dungeon in Moyamensing Prison."

THE Johnstown *Daily Tribune* entered upon its thirteenth volume on Wednesday last. As a newspaper, in the full acceptation of the term, the *Tribune* has no superior anywhere, while the accuracy and thoroughness of its local news, which is the part of a paper the people take the most interest in, will always insure for it a generous support by those who desire to know what is transpiring not only in the immediate locality where it is published, but throughout the county. It deserves success, and we are gratified to learn that it rests on a safe basis and is in a flourishing condition.

JUDGE THURMAN has been in Washington for a couple of weeks engaged with other counsel on the part of the Government in preparing the suit to test the validity of the Bell Telephone patent. The other day he visited the Senate chamber where he once played so distinguished and honorable a part, and when he came out he was approached by a cheeky newspaper reporter, who inquired: "Are you in any way, Judge, a candidate for Presidential honors at the hands of the next Presidential Convention of your party?" "Not by a d——d sight!" roared the sage of Columbus.

THE question of the constitutionality of the tax law approved June 30, 1885, entitled "A further supplement to an act entitled 'An act to provide revenue by taxation,'" was argued in the Supreme Court at Philadelphia on Friday last. It was brought before that tribunal by the appeal of certain citizens of Scranton from the decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Lackawanna county, in which that court held that the act of Assembly was constitutional.—As this question has been very vigorously discussed all over the State ever since the new tax law went into effect, the decision of the Supreme Court as to its constitutionality will be awaited with deep interest.

JUDGE FIELD, of California, who is one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, is in a very bad humor at Mr. Cleveland, and declares that he will have nothing more to do with the Administration, because he failed in getting a certain applicant, whose cause he espoused, appointed United States Marshal in that State. Whenever a Judge of the highest court in the country so far forgets the nature and dignity of his great office as to become an office beggar and to wrestle with politicians at the door of the White House, he deserves to be defeated in his purpose, and Mr. Cleveland is to be congratulated that for such a reason he has made Stephen J. Field his enemy.

IN speaking of General Hancock, General W. F. Smith, of the regular army, who is known as "Baldy" Smith, says: "Perhaps no soldier during the war contributed so much of personal effect in action as did General Hancock. In the friendly circle his eye was warm and genial, but in the hour of battle it became intensely cold and had great power on those around him. In the Presidential campaign of 1880, when Gen. Hancock was the Democratic standard bearer, I believe I am safe in saying that no man was promised a place by him, and I believe this affected the result. In that campaign I know a warm political and personal friend of General Hancock offered him $10,000 in greenbacks out of love and good will to meet expenses, but General Hancock refused the money."

A RELIGIOUS impostor by the name of Charles H. Smith appeared in Henry county, Missouri, sometime in August last and followers by the hundred flocked to his standard. He announced himself as an ambassador from Heaven sent to found a new sect and establish an order which was to be the forerunner of the millennium, and that all who joined him would never see death or sickness, but would live forever in happiness. Soon after Smith began to play prophet he married the daughter of an old farmer with whom he was staying, and announced to his followers that a plan had been revealed to him whereby untold wealth could be secured without money. His plan solved the old and perplexing problem of getting something for nothing. In Henry and Cass counties he organized eighteen lodges of a new order which he styled the "Star of Heaven," and succeeded in getting deeds for about a dozen of farms from the dupes who had enlisted under his inspired banner. Up to last Friday the people in both of these counties were wild with religious excitement and Smith's success as a prophet seemed to be assured. On that day, however, his prosperous career in a region said to be inhabited by ignorant people, was brought to a sudden and disastrous close, and the prophet, who is represented to be "tall, lank and dirty," was arrested as a swindler and is now languishing in jail.

THE Welshmen of New York held an eisteddfod in that city last week. An eisteddfod, as we have been informed, means a celebration by a society of singers at which prizes are awarded to the best vocalists. Of this New York eisteddfod the Johnstown *Tribune*, one day last week, said: "The New York Society of Welshmen held an eisteddfod this week. An interesting and amusing feature of one of the sessions was an address by the President, William Jeremiah, followed by one by Chief-Justice Noah Davis. Mr. Jeremiah took particular pains to use the biggest Welsh words in his vocabulary, and tickled his audience into a state of uproariousness. If there is one thing a Welshman is prouder of than another, it is his native tongue, and he appreciates a man who can handle it with vigor and effectiveness. Judge Davis said he was rusty in his Welsh, but retrieved his credit by tracing his ancestry back to Ana, King of North Wales more than one hundred years before Edward I, who flourished along about 1300. 'The Welsh language,' the Judge went on to say, 'is one of the oldest on earth. You have all heard that Adam was the first Welshman and that his real name was Jones. Well, Adam spoke early Welsh. Our modern tongue, perhaps, dates from the Tower of Babel. There is an old story that just as the confusion of tongues fell on the workmen at the tower the master workman was giving some orders to a mason, which naturally sounded to the man like gibberish. He felt insulted and threw a trowel-full of mortar in the master workman's face, and out of the sputterings of the latter came our uncouth Welsh tongue.' At this sally the audience shouted, and felt still better pleased with the Judge when he said that he had tried a thousand prisoners in his time, but never saw one who was a Welshman."

IF ever a man achieved immortal infamy at a single bound the feat was successfully accomplished by ex-State Senator George W. Wright, the head and front of the combination that has the contract with the State for conducting the Soldiers' Orphans' School at Mount Joy, in Lancaster county, when he wrote the following letter to the principal manager of that school on the 30th of January, 1884. The letter was published in the Philadelphia *Record* on last Monday week, in its article reviewing the management of the schools. When the *Record* published this letter strong doubts were expressed as to its authenticity, but the editor of the Lancaster *Examiner* states that he has seen the letter and that the *Record's* publication of it is a true copy of the original. This being the fact it is impossible to conceive a lower depth of villainy into which Wright could plunge, even if he were to make an effort in that direction. It is a most shameless, heartless and cold-blooded production. It is as follows:

MERCER, Pa., January, 30, 1884.— * * I find the last coffee bought very poor, and have this day ordered other to Mt. Joy. *While I do not want the poor thrown out I do not want you to use it next week.* See that it is put out of the way, sure. It is not a fair sample of what we usually use by any means. You will likely have some visitors from the G. A. R. encampment, which meets at Lancaster city next Wednesday, February 6. You need not be surprised if members drop in on their way to or from the encampment. I need not say more, *only see the cook and all other departments and have no mistakes anywhere. I much fear trouble from this encampment for Mt. Joy. If frozen feet, toe nails dropping off itch etc., with your four months' record of deaths etc., do not warm up our G. A. R. friends I shall feel that I am no prophet.* All these matters are sure to be investigated and brought up at the encampment; *so get in shape to meet charges and receive visitors.* I forgot to caution Sherbin in writing him yesterday about next week. Talk it over with him and matron, and get to work and in shape.

ON Monday last in the Senate of the United States the Democratic minority of the Judiciary Committee, consisting of Messrs. Pugh, of Alabama; Coke, of Texas; Vest, of Missouri, and Jackson, of Tennessee, made their report on the issue between the President and the Republican majority in the Senate as to their respective rights in connection with removals and suspensions from office. Immediately after the report had been submitted a lengthy special message was received from President Cleveland on the same subject. The message was read in a clear, distinct tone of voice by Chief Clerk Johnson, and made old Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, who started the fight with the President, because the latter suspended an official in the town in which Edmunds resides, wriggle and hop around as though he had just sat down in a chair in the bottom of which some fiend had inserted a very sharp tack. Edmunds declared to the Senate that the Message reminded him of similar documents that Charles the First was in the habit of sending to the English Parliament. The issue on the question is now fairly made up between the president and Republican Senate, and will doubtless lead to a protracted and exciting discussion, in which the Vermont "icicle" will attempt to regain his standing in the Republican party, which he lost by his refusal to open his lips in support of Blaine during the campaign of 1884.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER GENERAL of the Grand Army of the Republic, Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, of Lebanon, on last Tuesday week, the day after the Philadelphia *Record* published its exhaustive statement in regard to the shameless mismanagement of the soldiers' Orphans' Schools, appointed a committee to make a full investigation into the charges. The committee is composed as follows: Louis Wagner, Post No. 6, Philadelphia; Wm. McClellan, Post No. 259, Pittsburg; A. C. Reinoehl, Post No. 84, Lancaster; Ezra H. Ripple, Post No. 139, Scranton, and Wm. M. Jones, Post No. 64, Williamsport. They are requested to proceed at the earliest moment to the several schools and make a critical personal examination of everything connected with their management, the care and treatment of the pupils, and such other matters as may be necessary to the good government of the schools and proper compliance both in letter and spirit with the law instituting and maintaining them.

THERE is a very old tradition which reads thus: "Yf Marsche comyth iyn lyke a roryng groung-hogge she wyll gow out lyke intu a jentyll woodchukke."

PRESIDENT AND SENATE.

If Senator Edmunds pushes the conflict between the President and the Senate to extremes it may be well to consider what results will flow from the quarrel. President Cleveland would, of course, be compelled by his obligations to the Constitution to resist to the utmost the Senate's pretensions to share in his power of removal from office. Should the Senate pursue the policy outlined by Senator Edmunds and reject nominations in mass, the President would only have to make new suspensions and new nominations. Not a removed or suspended official would be restored even for a day as a result of this threatened Senate policy. But in the conflict confusion and demoralization would result in nearly every department of the public service. For this the responsibility would rest with the Senate.

Senator Morgan's resolution to transfer this question from the Judiciary Committee to the Committee on Privileges and Elections presents to the Republicans a way out of the bog into which they have been led by Senator Edmunds in his eagerness to regain the good will of his party in Vermont. The Chairman of this committee is Senator Hoar, who has offered a bill to repeal the Tenure of Office act. Yet upon the Constitutionality of this Tenure of Office act Senator Edmunds has taken his position. If Senator Hoar did not believe the act unconstitutional he would hardly have introduced a bill for its repeal. The other Republican members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections besides Logan and Evarts, are Frye and Teller, neither of whom is believed to be in strong sympathy with Edmunds on this issue.

The Democrats of the Senate have no cause to shrink from a conflict in behalf of the authority of the Executive. In the very first Congress of the United States it was determined that the power of removal from office belongs exclusively to the President. This was the uniform and undisputed interpretation of the Constitution down to the Tenure of Office act of 1867. In the four years tenure act the power of the President to make removals is expressly reserved. In the amendment made to the act of 1867 to accommodate President Grant the President was no longer required to give reasons for removing or suspending officials when making nominations to the Senate. The President, then, cannot be required to transmit to the secret executive session of the Senate papers relating to suspensions and removals.

In face of all the facts and precedents that sustain the action of the President, Senator Edmunds will hardly succeed in carrying a majority in favor of his resolutions. If he should do so his resolutions offer no issue to the conflict when passed. The heads of departments will give themselves small concern over the censure pronounced on the Attorney General for his refusal to deliver up papers relating to removals. So far from it, the boundary between the Senate's legislative functions and its relations to the Executive in advising upon nominations to office will be more strictly defined than ever before. As a result the Senate's disposition to usurp powers that do not belong to it any more than to the other house of Congress will be effectually curbed. That is a gain which the cause of good government will secure should the conflict inaugurated by Senator Edmunds be carried to the bitter end.—*Philad'a Record.*

Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 27.—This evening Governor Pattison addressed the following letter to General Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia:

Dear sir: I have your letter of the 25th inst., advising me of your appointment by the Grand Army of the Republic as "Chairman of a committee to investigate the management of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools of Pennsylvania," and inquiring whether I have the authority to constitute the Committee a Commission on the part of the Commonwealth for the purposes of their appointment.

In reply I beg to say that it is a matter of regret to me that I possess no authority to appoint any such commission or to invest your committee with any official powers. It will, however, give me great satisfaction to aid you to the fullest extent possible in the accomplishment of the end the Grand Army has in view. To this end I send you, as requested, copies of the laws governing the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools, and of the contracts between the State and the proprietors of the schools, and have requested heads of departments to furnish all the information you may call for. In the meantime I shall in the discharge of the duty imposed upon me to see that the laws be faithfully executed, make, with the aid of the law officer of the Commonwealth, a thorough personal examination of the schools and the conduct of those connected with them, and will then take such action as the result of the examination may warrant. Of course, you will readily understand that my course will not in any way interfere with your action, but may, and doubtless will, aid the desire to get at whatever wrongs have been done to those so eminently entitled to our warmest sympathies and protection.

ROBERT E. PATTISON.

In addition to the foregoing communication the Governor has sent the following request to Rev. E. E. Higbee, Superintendent of Schools, Auditor General Niles and State Treasurer Livsey:

Sir: You are hereby requested to furnish such information in your department as may be called for from time to time by the committee of the "Grand Army of the Republic" recently appointed to investigate the charges made in relation to the conduct of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools.

A Fine Record.

The deputation of Irish "Loyalists" from Ulster who oppose Home Rule and demand protection for Minority Rule waited on Lord Hartington recently and were told that Mr. Gladstone declined to receive them or to say anything about Ireland until after the government makes its policy known. But Lord Hartington advised the deputation to "do their utmost to enlist the sympathy of the English people in their cause."

These Ulster "Loyalist" are the Irishmen who bitterly opposed Catholic emancipation in 1829 and the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 '70. Since then they have opposed and helped to defeat twenty-eight bills for the regulation of the land tenure in Ireland, to settle the difficulties between landlords and tenants, for tenants' protection and tenants' improvements.

From 1830 up to 1875 they supported and helped to pass ten acts to prohibit the possession of arms and gunpowder by the people; ten acts for the "suppression of disturbances," by making assemblages of the people unlawful; one act empowering the courts to change the venue and try cases where they pleased; five "Unlawful Oaths" acts; two acts to enlarge the constabulary force; two "Coercion" acts; nine "Peace Preservation" acts, allowing summary arrests and trials by Judges, and six acts for the suspension of habeas corpus—in 1848, '49, '65, '66, '67 and '68. Since 1875 they have supported all the coercion acts that have been introduced against their own country and countrymen.

This is a record that ought certainly to enlist the sympathy of the English people in their cause.—*N. Y. World.*

OF the eleven candidates whose names appear on the six Democratic National tickets since the close of the war, in 1865, Tilden and Cleveland are the only surviving Presidential nominees, and Pendleton and English the only surviving Vice-Presidential candidates. Of the seven who are dead, five have died since Mr. Cleveland's election.

HANCOCK AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The impulse of gratitude to General Hancock, which took expression at his death in a public subscription for his widow, appears already to have spent itself. The fund has stopped short at about thirty thousand dollars, which is a miserably inadequate token of the debt we owe to this great soldier. And even of this meagre sum Philadelphia and Pennsylvania have contributed but little, though Hancock was peculiarly a Pennsylvanian, and although this State and its metropolis are under peculiar obligations to him.

It has recently been said in discussing the supposed scarcity of great men in Pennsylvania, that we do not want great men. It certainly seems to be true, as has been said very often before, that we do not recognize great men when we have them. Hancock is acknowledged by all to have been the ideal soldier of the war for the Union and his part in the critical battle which saved Pennsylvania and its metropolis from incalculable loss is known to have been essential and decisive. And yet Hancock never received from Pennsylvania, the State of his birth and of his loyal love, nor from Philadelphia, the city that his valor defended from impending catastrophe, any material reward or recognition whatever.

He was not a man who ever sought or could have sought worldly advancement. Remaining in the service of the United States, his sense of military honor would not permit him to engage in speculation or to follow any of the opportunities for money getting that must have been continually offered to one of his prominence. Occupying the position he did, and meeting the many demands that were made upon his hospitality and beneficence with the liberality of a generous soldier, it was impossible for him, with nothing but his pay, to make provision for the future, and thus his sudden death left those dependent on him without resources. It is to Hancock's honor that this is so. It will be to the dishonor of the country he served if it fail now in practical recognition of its debt to him.

To anyone who can recall the terror and consternation that spread through Philadelphia and Eastern Pennsylvania in that summer of 1863, when it was known that the Confederate army had crossed the border, and the joyous relief that came with the news of the victory at Gettysburg, it can hardly be necessary to urge that Hancock had a special claim to grateful recognition among us, even apart from the ties created by his Pennsylvania birth and lineage. The sacred charge of caring for his widow we should not be content to leave to strangers. We owe it not only to him but to ourselves, to honor his memory by a worthy monument. But, first of all, let us earnestly unite to perform our duty to the living, and so we shall best show our recognition of the heroic dead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THERE has now been nearly a year in which the executive power has been in the hands of a Democratic President. No complaint has been made that the law has not been properly enforced. The reputation of the nation has not suffered abroad or at home. None of the predicted calamities to grow out of Democratic administration have made their appearance. Remarkable care and deliberation have been exercised in the removal and appointment of public functionaries. The finances have been wisely managed. Sectional feeling has almost disappeared from our politics. The recommendations of the President to Congress are conceded to be prudent and conservative. As far as we have progressed there is no reason to regret the decision of the people at the polls in November, 1884. The session of Congress and the participation of the Executive in the business of legislation will put a final test upon President Cleveland's capacity; but there is much less reason to doubt of it to-day than there was March 4, 1885.

IN making up the estimate of Gen. Hancock's character, this sterling portion of his famous "general order No. 40," issued during his brief command of military district number five, comprising the States of Louisiana and Texas, under the orders of President Andrew Johnson, should not be forgotten:—"The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the rights of property must be preserved." This was said at a time when a less conscientious soldier might have felt tempted to exceed his military authority and make it cover objects not within its province. But Hancock's reverence for the civil law and his duty to himself dictated the great utterances; and to-day it is one of the proudest chaplets that can be placed upon his coffin.

A Remarkable History.

GUIZOT is the Macaulay of the History of France. His narrative is full of emotion like a quick stream; his characters rise before us as in the flesh; they are men and women, not historic lay figures. It is as charming as any romance. It is a work to read and re-read. The new edition just published is worthy of the work. Though reduced in price from $36 00 to $6.00 the 427 illustrations are all there, superb in quality; the type is large; the binding is thoroughly excellent and tasteful. Every word of the publisher's description in the advertisement elsewhere is worth reading—the work ought to be owned in every home. We have made an arrangement with the publisher by which we are able to offer this work, GUIZOT'S HISTORY OF FRANCE, 8 vols., large 12mo., 427 fine illustrations, as described in the publisher's advertisement elsewhere, regular price $6 00, in combination with the CAMBRIA FREEMAN on the following remarkably attractive terms, namely:

For $6.25, we will send one copy of this paper one year, and deliver a set of Guizot's History of France, as described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$1.25**.

For $11.50 we will send two copies of this paper one year, and deliver two sets of the work described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$3.50.**

For $16.00, we will send three copies of this paper one year and deliver three copies of the work described, at our office without further charge—**a saving** to you of **$6.50.**

Our arrangements with the publisher enable us to make these exceedingly liberal offers for 30 days only—the time expires March 26, 1886. A prompt call at our office to examine the work is worth your while—that will cost nothing; a few hours' or a few moments' talk with your neighbor will enable you to secure it on easy terms.

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That a contaminating and foreign element in the blood, developed by indigestion, is the cause of rheumatism. This settles upon the sensitive sub cutaneous covering of the muscles and ligaments of the joints, causing constant and shifting pain, and aggregating as a calcareous, chalky deposit which produces stiffness and distortion of the joints. No fact, which experience has demonstrated in regard to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has stronger evidence to support than this, namely, that this medicine of comprehensive uses checks the formidable and atrocious disease, nor is it less positively established that it is preferable to the poisons often used to arrest it, since the medicine contains only salutary ingredients. It is also a signal remedy for malarial fevers, constipation, dyspepsia, kidney and bladder ailments, debility and other disorders. See that you get the genuine.

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Mr. P. M. Barber, has used Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh in his family and commends it very highly. A lady is recovering the sense of smell. A Tunkhannock lawyer known to many of our readers, says he was cured of deafness.—*Pittston (Pa.) Gazette.*

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—We must tell of the great specific—Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] remedy. It never fails to cure Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease &c.

—E Beller, of Ponca, Ind., butchered a cow, and in her stomach found a pound of nails and a one and one half inch screw, all of which were worn as bright as if polished on an emery wheel.

—The Board of County Commissioners of Grant county, New Mexico, offers a reward of $250 for every Apache killed by a citizen of the county. The presentation of the scalp is to be sufficient proof of death.

—New York *World:* The publishers of General Grant's memoirs have sent to the widow a check for $200,000—her share of the profits on the sale of the first volume. The second volume insures a like amount.

—S. M. Markle, a citizen of St. Joe, Mo., has a contract to supply the Singer Sewing Machine Company of Glasgow, Scotland, with 5,000,000 feet of Arkansas gum lumber, to be used in the manufacture of sewing machines.

—A Texas editor is one of the curiosities in Washington at present, by reason of his extraordinarily long hair. He was a Whig in 1844, and made a vow that he would never shave his beard or cut his hair until Clay was elected President.

—Ray Aggerson and John Brasher of Jericho, Mo., each about 18 years old, went to prayer meeting the other night. At the close of the services they renewed an old quarrel and Brasher shot and mortally wounded Aggerson and then escaped.

—With bright eyes and elastic step, yet gray, lustreless hair. It is unnatural, needless. Parker's Hair Balsam will restore the black or brown prematurely lost, cleanse from all dandruff, and stop its falling. Don't surrender your hair without an effort to save it.

—In a divorce case the other day, at Chicago, a lawyer argued that if a woman on being married misrepresented her age to her husband, she was just as liable as a man selling a horse and representing it to be of a certain age, when it could be proved that it was older.

—Is your hair is turning gray and gradually falling out? Hall's Hair Renewer will restore it to its original color, and stimulate the follicles to produce a new and luxuriant growth. It also cleanses the scalp, eradicates dandruff, and is a most agreeable and harmless dressing.

—Theodore P. Rich, of New York State, arrived in St. Paul on Monday last and learned that his wife was living with one A. Gale. Rich sought an interview with her at the Astoria House. The meeting resulted in Rich shooting his wife dead and then suiciding with the same revolver.

—Maude Long, of Independence, Mo., who walked three miles after midnight on a bitter cold night to rescue two children who had been left by a madman to die in the snow, has been presented by the citizens of Kansas City with a handsome gold watch, suitably inscribed, a diamond ring and $300 in money.

—Miss Fanny Mills, of Ohio, who claims to have the biggest feet on record, has just had a pair of shoes and a pair of slippers made for her in New York. Their size is 30. The measurement around the ball of each is 22 inches; instep, 22 inches; heel, 25 inches; ankle, 20 inches. The cost of shoes and slippers was $70.

—J. H. Wisbek started on horseback to take a day's journey in McIntosh county, Dakota. A blizzard swooped down on him, he lost his way, and stood behind his horse all night and with his pistol kept off a pack of prairie wolves. When day broke he found that he was within a few hundred yards of the house he was seeking.

—George Smith, a colored porter at the Chicago and Alton Railway, in Independence, Mo., recently sent a note containing endearing phrases to the 13-year-old daughter of M. G. Williams, a white citizen of the county. On Tuesday night, of last week, the negro was taken to a barn, tied up and 100 lashes administered with a cowhide. Smith has left for parts unknown.

—Andrew Hess, who died at Erie, Pa., on Saturday, at the age of ninety two, served as an officer with Napoleon two years and until his exile in Elba. After coming to America he and eight others formed a select circle, of which Hess was President. They met daily at their club room in Erie for over sixty years. Some time ago they began to die of old age, and now only the Secretary, Andrew Beer, a man of ninety, is left.

—George Ross, the 14 year-old son of a very wealthy merchant of Harlem, New York, was captured at the railroad depot in Jersey City on Tuesday evening, when about to start for Denver, Colorado. He had stolen $400 from his mother and purchased two revolvers, a bowie knife and a silver watch, completing his outfit by paying $100 for a pointer dog. He proposed a hunting expedition. He was returned to his parents.

—Captain Boycott, the Irish land agent to the Earl of Erne, and whose fight with his tenantry at the opening of the land war in 1879 gave rise to the word boycott, which has since been so extensively adopted in this country as well as Ireland, has been appointed agent of Lord Waveney's estate in Suffolk. How the English will receive the man whose petty tyranny in Ireland set a-going a practice that has turned their government upside down remains to be seen.

—In St. Mary's Catholic Church at Wilkesbarre on Sunday last, while high mass was being celebrated by Father Commerford in the presence of a congregation numbering two thousand persons, a cloud of smoke burst through the floor and for a time there was almost a panic. Men and women rushed for the doors, but fortunately no one was hurt. The priest did not leave the altar, but amid the smoke counseled the people to keep cool and retire calmly, and his words had a good effect. The fire caught from a furnace in the basement. It was soon subdued. Loss estimated at $500.

These are Solid Facts.

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THE worst storm for years was raging at Rive Du Loupe, Quebec, on Sunday. Friday's express train was buried in 10 feet of snow near Trois Pistoles, although two engines with a snow plow were running about 15 miles ahead. Another train is buried in 15 feet of snow on Bic Mountain, blocking the line. The accommodation and down express of Friday and Saturday have been unable to get through. The storm is increasing and the drifts swell faster than they can be plowed or shoveled away. Work has had to be suspended till the storm is over.

THROUGH our luxurious and perverted modes of living, and from a score of causes besides, diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs are now among the most common and fatal in this country. Men suffer from them most frequently and most intensely. Their victims are falling exhausted by the wayside of life every day. Do you fear this end for yourself? If so, we can assure you of help by means of Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy."

TABLE of AGGREGATE VALUES of PROPERTY

IN CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.,

As Shown by the Recent Triennial Assessment for County and State Purposes.

DISTRICTS	Land
Adams Township	125,837
Allegheny Township	119,942
Barr Township	87,836
Blacklick Township	49,805
Cambria Bor. 1st Ward	14,626
" " 2d "	[illegible]
Cambria Township	140,375
Carrolltown Bor	2,328
Carroll Township	128,999
Chest Springs Bor	6,487
Chest Township	35,081
Clearfield Township	78,436
Conemaugh Bor. 1st W.	[illegible]
" " 2d W.	7,290
Conemaugh Township	[illegible]
Coopersdale Bor.	840
Croyle Township	[illegible]
Dean Township	[illegible]
East Conemaugh Bor.	[illegible]
Ebensburg Bor. East W.	[illegible]
" " West W.	[illegible]
Elder Township	[illegible]
Franklin Bor.	[illegible]
Gallitzin Borough	[illegible]
" Township	[illegible]
Grubbtown Borough	[illegible]
Jackson Township	[illegible]
Johnstown Bor. 1st W.	[illegible]
" " 2d "	[illegible]
" " 3d "	[illegible]
" " 4th "	[illegible]
" " 5th "	[illegible]
" " 6th "	[illegible]
" " 7th "	[illegible]
Lilly's Borough	[illegible]
Loretto Borough	[illegible]
Millville Bor. 1st Ward	[illegible]
" " 2d Ward	[illegible]
Munster Township	[illegible]
Portage Township	[illegible]
Prospect Borough	[illegible]
Reade Township	[illegible]
Richland Township	[illegible]
Stonycreek Township	[illegible]
Summerhill Township	[illegible]
Susquehanna Township	[illegible]
East Taylor Township	[illegible]
West Taylor Township	[illegible]
Tunnelhill Borough	[illegible]
Washington Township	[illegible]
White Township	[illegible]
Wilmore Borough	[illegible]
Woodvale Borough	[illegible]
Upper Yoder Township	[illegible]
Lower Yoder Township	[illegible]

WE, the undersigned, Commissioners of Cambria County, acting as a board of revision, hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the aggregate value and assessments as shown by the recent triennial assessment upon property taxable by law for county purposes, upon trades, occupations and professions, and upon money at interest, [illegible] and watches taxable for State purposes.

And we hereby give notice that we will receive communications, oral or written, from any taxable inhabitant of the county, relative to the valuations made by the Assessors, [illegible] of March, 1886, at which date we will proceed to equalize by raising valuations of any property which we believe to have been reduced too low, and by reducing the valuation of any property which we believe to have been valued too high.

Attest:

D. A. McGOUGH,
Clerk

DAVID HAMILTON,
JAMES COSTLOW,
JOHN KIRBY,
Board of [illegible]

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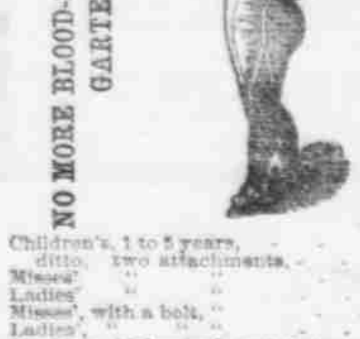

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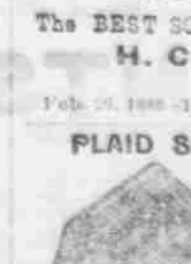

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FARM AND HOUSEHOLD, Box 40, Hartford, Conn.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. [illegible]

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

LORETTO HOUSE

(Formerly known as the [illegible] House)

LORETTO, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.

W. H. PFLNER, Proprietor.

[illegible]

FOR SALE.—STEAM ENGINES, CLAY and Ore Pans, Boiler and Sheet-Iron Work. Second-hand engines and boilers on hand. Hoisting engines and machinery a specialty.—THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny, Pa. (Jan. 22,-1y.)

NEWSPAPER Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, N. Y.

M. D. KITTELL,

Attorney-at-Law,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 5, 1886.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

For the best flour in the market go to the Sugar Bowl.

—Lent will commence on Wednesday next, 10th inst.

—For canned goods of all kinds go to the Sugar Bowl.

—A. V. Dively, Esq., has been elected City Solicitor of Altoona.

—For all kinds of groceries, fresh and pure, go to the Sugar Bowl.

—A great many children in this place are now wrestling with the mumps.

—There was less drunkenness here this week than there usually is during court.

—What has become of our correspondents? We hope they have not entirely forgotten us.

—The expense to the county for Grand Jurors for March Sessions amounted to $[illegible].

—One steam grist mill in Clearfield county has ground 4,976 bushels of buckwheat since last fall.

—If March doesn't go out very much like a lamb it will belie the promise of its decidedly leonine advent.

—The subscription list for the new Catholic pastoral residence at Wilmore now amounts to about $1,500.

—The Emerald Beneficial Association, of Carrolltown, will give a grand ball at that place on the 9th instant.

—The property of Mr. C. Bradley, of Lilly, has been purchased by Dr. Devereaux, of Summitville, for $1,000.

—Don't fail to call at Mrs. R. E. Jones' and examine a choice lot of lace curtains, which are very low in price.

—A change has been made this week in the advertisement of Wm. F. Gable & Co. Your attention is called to it.

—March came in on a compromise between the lion and the lamb, but the lion seems to have the best of the bargain.

—A new daily and weekly paper to be called the *Record* is soon to be started in Greensburg in the interest of the Democratic party.

—Mr. Thomas Sexton, who had been attending a dental college in Cincinnati, returned to his home in this place on Thursday of last week.

—A man attacked with Bright's Disease, or any kidney disease, don't want fine words—but to conquerer Hunt's [Kidney and Liver] Remedy.

—The amount paid constables for expenses in making returns to March Sessions and for one day's attendance at the spring election was $579.95.

—When you hear that your neighbor has done a foolish thing make a personal investigation as to the truth of the story before you assist in circulating it.

—Notice of appeals to be held by the Commissioners appears in this issue of our paper. The Assessors are required by law to attend on the day of appeals for their districts.

—Miss Lulu Kilinger, who for a long time was employed as a compositor on the Bedford Watchman, died from consumption at her home in that place on Friday afternoon of last week.

—The mother who wants to be absolutely sure that no harm will come to her children through her neglect never leaves the little ones alone while she "runs into a neighbor's for a moment."

—Mrs. R. E. Jones is closing out a lot of winter dress goods very much under the regular price, also a lot of remnants, containing from two to five yards each, suitable for a child's suit.

—The high winds of the past few days seem to have been too much for the wheel at our water works, quite a number of paddles belonging thereto being now among the things of the past.

—The best thing to put on a slippery sidewalk is warm sand. Heat the sand by the stove, sprinkle it on the ice, and the sand will freeze fast to it, forming a good footing for pedestrians.

—[illegible] Bell, Sr., who was the first male child born within the limits of Clearfield county, died at his home in Ferguson township, that county, on Friday last, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

—If the persons who were discussing the question of peculiarities of women on our street the other evening will call at the young men's club room, in Armory building, they can learn something to their interest.

—John DuBois, the Clearfield county lumber king, suffered a probably fatal stroke of paralysis one day last week. It is said that he has arranged to have his immense [illegible] carried on after his death.

—It would be well for persons who have been elected Justices of the Peace to bear in mind that they are required to give notice within thirty days of their election to the Prothonotary in writing as to whether they intend to serve.

—Dr. Blair, the Indian medicine man who has been flooding towns in our neighboring counties for several months past with circulars, is wanted at Phoenixville, this State, upon the charge of getting money and goods under false pretenses.

—We are pleased to note the fact that Mrs. [illegible], of Summerhill township, mention of whom was made in these columns last week as being dangerously ill, is gradually improving, and hopes are now entertained for her recovery.

—It is spring. A resurrection of nature's [illegible] is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to use for this purpose.

—Letters await the following persons at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mrs. Maggie Jones, Miss Sue Malloy, F. C. Snyder, V. Dunn, Jos. Miller, J. M. Lanahan, Mr. George Kuntz, Jr., Jos. A. Dunn, Mr. Charlie Suffler, Abraham Varner.

—The editor of the Blairsville *Enterprise* has a farm of 131 acres, which lies within [illegible] of that town and is offered for sale cheap. An editor owning a farm—just think of it! We would like to get a glimpse of this heretofore unknown curiosity.

—The New York *Herald* favors a law prohibiting the marriage of girls under sixteen years and of boys under eighteen. It would not be a bad idea to put a limit at the other end also, as there are a great many old fools in this world as well as young ones.

—Better stop your cough while you can. By and by nothing will do it. It is worth remembering, that Parker's Tonic is the best thing known for coughs, colds, torpid liver, kidney troubles and weak lungs. You risk your life in waiting. Take it while there is yet time.

—Three men named David Small, Samuel Bailey and John Forsythe have been arrested for the crime of beating and robbing John Snyder and wife near Grapeville, Westmoreland county, a short time ago. They have been positively identified by the [illegible] victims. All three are married, and are now in the Greensburg jail.

Gable & Co. for Embroideries.
Gable & Co. for Table Linens.
Gable & Co. for Towels.
Gable & Co. for Silks.
Gable & Co. for Muslins.
Gable & Co. for Hosiery.
Gable & Co. for Notions.
Gable & Co. for Laces.

—ADDRESS—
WILLIAM F. GABLE & CO.,
1402 Eleventh Avenue,
ALTOONA.
ONE PRICE. ONE PRICE.

NOTE—You know, of course, that Gable & Co. are selling Ladies' and Children's Coats at less than cost in order to close out balance of stock. If you don't, it might pay you to know it.

—R. O. Morehead, late postmaster at Brookwayville, Jefferson county, has just been sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for stealing $25 from a letter. He had afterward sent the money to the person addressed but that did not save him from punishment.

—In Clarion county Judge Wilson has decided that where a man applies for license and his bond is legally executed, and his petitioners certify to his moral character and his fitness to conduct a hotel, he is entitled to license, unless specific charges are preferred against him.

—A lecture for the benefit of the new Catholic pastoral residence at Wilmore will be delivered in St. Bartholemew's church, that place, on Sunday, the 21st instant. The name of the lecturer has not been announced but it is supposed that Rev. Father Boyle, of Gallitzin, will fill the place.

—Mr. K. E. Brilhart, a lumberman of Cherrytree, Indiana county, made an assignment on Saturday last to D. E. Notley and W. J. Nugent for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities are estimated at $25,000 while his assets are placed at $41,000. His assignment is due to the failure of Eastern parties.

—Mr. Thomas Hoover, of Cambria township, this week announces himself as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder. Mr. Hoover is a farmer and school teacher by occupation, speaks and writes German, is a steadfast and consistent Democrat, and, if nominated and elected, would make a capable and good Recorder.

—Mr. James Bingham, an old and respected citizen of Hollidaysburg, died at his home in that place on Thursday of last week in the 85th year of his age. He had served as postmaster at Hollidaysburg for ten years under the administrations of Presidents Lincoln and Grant, and had in his lifetime held several other public positions.

—Mr. Charles Denny, of No. 50 Goodrich street, Allegheny City, a brother-in-law of the late Porter D. Kennedy and John McCormick, of Wilmore, died at his home in Allegheny on Monday night. He was about 55 years of age, and was a native of Blair county. He was buried at St. Aloysius' Cemetery, at Summitville, on Wednesday last.

—The Bedford *Gazette* says that South Woodbury township, that county, is greatly excited over the elopement of John Lyons, a young colored man, with Miss Lucy Rice, a white girl, a daughter of Mr. A. E. Rice, of New Enterprise. The elopement took place on February 20th, and no trace has yet been secured of the pair. The girl is only seventeen years old.

—The largest and best selected stock of boots and shoes to be found in Ebensburg is at the shoe store of Mr. R. L. Davis, on Julian street. He is constantly receiving new additions to his stock of the latest styles and the best make. He has just opened up a nice new lot of gents' shoes called the "Tiger Kid," which are soft and flexible, well made and very neat. Go and examine his stock before purchasing.

—The chief objects of interest in a town are always inquired for by strangers when visiting the place, and people visiting Ebensburg generally take a look at the public buildings, where they spend a small portion of their time, and then make a bee-line for John Owens' store, on High street, where they can always get their dry goods, dress goods, boots and shoes, groceries and provisions at the very lowest possible prices.

—Mrs. R. L. Davis, of this place, is just completing a beautiful quilt which contains over one thousand pieces. The work was commenced within the past two weeks and when we take into consideration the fact that Mrs. D. is the possessor of only one arm, having had the misfortune to lose the other in her younger days, and that she attended to her usual household duties during the time mentioned, we cannot but say that this is remarkable work.

—A resident of Philadelphia filed her petition in the Court of Somerset county, asking for a divorce from her husband. The evidence established the fact that she was entitled to a divorce on the ground of desertion and cruel treatment, but the Somerset county Court decided that it had no jurisdiction of the matter, arguing that if it had jurisdiction in this case, it could then be made the *forum* for every divorce proceeding that could arise in the State. This decision the Supreme Court has affirmed.

—The usual number of abandoned females from Johnstown were in attendance at Court during the present week, but the inclemency of the weather kept them from any public demonstration on the streets. On Wednesday afternoon two of them were about engaging in a fight in the corridor of the court house, but Court Crier Crouse appeared on the scene and by putting the one most eager for a fight outside, the public peace was preserved and the question of which was entitled to the belt remained unsettled.

—Mr. Philip Miller, a highly respected resident of Elder township, died on Sunday last, aged 68 years. He was a native of Bavaria, came to this country in 1848 and settled on the land on which he died in 1852. He was an upright, honest man, and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His widow, six sons and four daughters survive him, four of the sons and two of the daughters being married. The grandchildren of the deceased number twenty-three. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at St. Boniface, on Wednesday last. May his soul rest in peace.

—A freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad named George Barnes, was run over at South Fork, on Wednesday evening, and so badly injured that he died in about half an hour afterward, after having been taken to Conemaugh. He was employed on freight east and when they arrived at the coal tipple at South Fork, Barnes cut the engine loose which ran ahead with the balance of the train slowly following, when in some manner he fell off in front of the car, the wheels passing over his body and cutting him up in a terrible manner. He was about 24 years of age, unmarried and his home was in Tyrone.

—Mr. Lawrence Murphy, who is a practical farmer and resides on the north side of the turnpike, about half-way between this place and Munster, requests us to say that during the past three years he has cultivated what is known as "Burpee's Welcome Oats," the seed of which he purchased in Philadelphia. This oats produces more to the acre, has larger straw and weighs heavier than the ordinary kind raised in this section, Mr. Murphy's crop for the last year weighing forty five pounds to the bushel. Mr. Murphy will sell to any person who desires to cultivate this species of oats a single bushel for $1.50, or five bushels at the rate of $1.25 per bushel, and, if requested, will deliver at the express office or the railroad station in this place. His postoffice address is Ebensburg.

—While engaged in conversation the other evening with a gentleman whose veracity we could not doubt, sorry, indeed, were we to learn that we have living in our midst men, if we may call them such, who make it a practice of spending all their earnings to gratify their beastly thirst for drink, while their wives are not only obliged to depend on themselves for their own support but also for the support of their innocent and helpless little children. We are strongly tempted to give the names of these, whom we consider unworthy to be called men, but in the hope that they will mend their ways, we will withhold them for the present. How true the adage: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn."

—On last Sunday night Christ Englehart, who resided with his parents in Conemaugh borough, returned to his home between 11 and 12 o'clock, considerably under the influence of liquor. He entered the room where his father, mother and a younger brother were sitting, removed his hat and coat, and, without saying a word, and before the family had any idea of what he was going to do, took a revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle to his head and fired, the result of which caused him to fall to the floor and expire almost instantly. He was about twenty-two years of age, and it is supposed that some trouble between himself and a girl with whom he had been keeping company up until about a month ago, was the cause of the rash act. He was a brother of Mr. Harry Englehart, formerly of this place, but now a resident of Carrolltown.

An Extensive Transfer.

On Tuesday of last week a deed was left for record at the Recorder's office which has probably the largest consideration mentioned of any deed heretofore recorded in this county. The grantors in the deed are the heirs of Charles Ranstead, deceased, and the grantee is John W. Buck, a lumberman of Williamsport. The consideration money mentioned is $116,500, sixty thousand dollars of which were paid in cash. The land is in White and Reade townships, and includes the following tracts: James Harris, Wm. Harris, John Harris, Alexander Brown, Thomas Brown, James Reed, John Ross, Abraham Whitmore, and part of Hugh Gallagher, containing in all about thirty-five hundred acres.

The land is situated on the line of the Cresson & Coalport railroad, and is valuable for the coal and timber, which will be brought into market by the building of the road, which is now completed. It is estimated that there are about twelve million feet of white pine and from fifty to fifty-five million feet of hemlock and oak, besides some basswood, ash and other timber, that can now be manufactured and shipped over the railroad instead of having to be floated down the creek, as heretofore.

The land is all underlaid with the same valuable veins of coal that have been worked along the line of the Bell's Gap railroad, but in this locality have been lying unproductive on account of there being no facilities for shipping; but now that the railroad has been built, it will not be long until hundreds of busy and industrious miners will be bringing the black diamonds to the surface.

That Tax Question.

The Johnstown *Tribune* of Saturday last, published at the home of Treasurer Stackhouse, after publishing our item of last week on the subject of Mr. Joseph James' taxes, says:

> "We presume the facts of the case are that the constable of the district was exonerated on account of not having received the taxes up to the date required for him to make his return; that afterward Mr. James wished to pay his taxes and did so to the County Treasurer, which, we believe, is not an uncommon occurrence, and we'll warrant the money so received is accounted for on the Treasurer's books, in the usual way."

Without any "presuming" in the case, and notwithstanding the warranty of the *Tribune* that the money is accounted for in the usual way, we will state that the Auditors' settlement between Treasurer Stackhouse and the county in January last, about one month ago and seven months after the receipt of the money by Treasurer Stackhouse, shows that it was not accounted for in the usual way, nor, in fact, accounted for at all. Will the *Tribune* call on Treasurer Stackhouse and get the exact facts, or, failing in that, give us its next best presumption.

A Latrobe "Mystery."

On Thursday last drilling operations were suspended at the well on the Fowler farm, about three miles northwest of Latrobe, and since that time the well has been a pronounced mystery. The drill had reached a depth of 1,200 feet, when it was suddenly stopped and drawn to the surface, and the hole securely plugged. The derrick was then boarded up and guards placed on duty night and day to prevent the curious from finding out what, if anything, has been struck. As the depth corresponds with that of some of the Murraysville gas wells and the Pleasant Unity oil well, it is a matter of conjecture whether oil or gas has been struck, and speculation is consequently at a high pitch in that locality. All the available territory has been secured, and it is reported that several other wells will soon be drilled near the mystery. The general belief is that if anything has been reached, it is oil, of the same quality as that which was struck at Pleasant Unity several years ago.—*Westmoreland Democrat.*

Sheriff's Sales.

Sheriff Gray on Monday sold the following real estate at Sheriff's sale:

One hundred and thirty-three acres of J. R. Gifford, in Reade township, to W. Lee Woodcock for $1,850.

Two story plank house and four acres of land of Mrs. E. M. Waite, in Lloydsville, to S. J. Foss for $400.

Steam saw mill and one acre of Francis Wagner, in Reade township, to A. V. Barker for $2,400.

Two story frame house and lot of Michael Bradley, in Gallitzin borough, to John E. Scanlan for $570.

Two story house and lot of John Leonard, in Gallitzin borough, to Joseph Bengle for $175.

Two story plank house and lot of E. W. Reed, in Gallitzin borough, to John A. McMullen for $10.

Eighty nine acres of Patrick B. Kevin, in Clearfield township, to Joseph Trexler for $1,820.

Attention, Ladies!

I am closing out a large lot of Buttons from 1c. per doz. up.

Kid Gloves, from 37 cts. up.

Handkerchiefs, from 5 cts. up.

Embroideries, from 1c. per yard up.

Laces, from 1c. per yard up.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, from 5 cts. up.

Corsets, from 25 cts. up.

These are goods which I have marked down and am selling out to make room for a full stock of spring goods, and I am selling them at these prices for cash only.

MRS. R. E. JONES.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

On Monday last Court met at 10 o'clock, A. M., with President Judge Johnston and Associate Judges Flanagan and Masters on the bench.

The following order in relation to people visiting the jail was made by the Court: "It is ordered that no visitors shall be admitted to visit the prisoners or any of them in the County Jail of Cambria County, at their cells in said jail, without a special permit signed by a Judge of said Court." Hereafter visitors will only be admitted between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, A. M., and 1 and 2 o'clock, P. M., except on Sundays.

The newly elected constables presented their bonds and were sworn, and the retiring constables were qualified to their respective returns.

Charles J. Mayer, of Johnstown, was selected as foreman of the grand jury.

Josiah Waters and James Myers were appointed constables to attend upon the juries.

Jacob A. Kline was appointed constable in Elder township, where there had been a tie vote, his competitor, Patrick E. Dillon, joining in the petition for his appointment.

Monday, April 5th, was selected as the time for holding the next Argument Court.

The following cases were called up and disposed of:

Commonwealth vs. Henry Skelly, riot. Jury called and sworn, who find the defendant not guilty, and that the county pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. George Flenner, assault and battery. Jury find defendant not guilty, and that the county pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Adolph Hindle, removing property out of the county and secreting the same to prevent the same from being made liable for his debts. Indictment quashed and defendant discharged.

Commonwealth vs. Henry Bertram, fornix et cet.; Barbara Ely, prosecutrix. Defendant not taken.

Commonwealth vs. Daniel Gill, fornix et cet.; Rosie Warner, prosecutrix. Jury find defendant guilty.

Commonwealth vs. John McKeoan, assault and battery; Christian McKeoan, prosecutor. Jury find defendant not guilty, and that each party pay half the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Andrew Allen, aggravated assault and battery; John Sample, prosecutor. Recognizance of defendant forfeited.

Commonwealth vs. William Carland, malicious mischief. Jury find defendant not guilty.

Commonwealth vs. William Barkeybile, Perjury. Not a true bill, and the prosecutor, James Eckels pay the costs.

Commonwealth vs. Margaret Will, fornication; John T. Harris, prosecutor. Defendant pleads guilty and submits. Sentenced to pay a fine of $100 and costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs. Joseph C. Foster, open lewdness; Mrs. J. C. Leonard prosecutrix. Defendant pleads guilty and submits. Sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar and the costs of prosecution.

Commonwealth vs. Rebecca Parks, keeping a bawdy house. Jury find defendant guilty. Sentenced to pay a fine of $20, the costs of prosecution, and to ten months in the county jail.

On Tuesday afternoon the case of the Commonwealth versus Elwood Gordon, for the murder of his wife, Florence Gordon, was reached. District Attorney Rose represents the Commonwealth, and James McLaughlin and Alfred Ashton, Esqs., represent the defendant. The following named gentlemen were impanelled as jurors in the case: David Garman, David W. Powell, Joseph Densel, Joseph Gutwald, A. A. George, Joseph Hirsch, J. W. Mellott, Anselm Weakland, Frederick Arble, A. U. Buck, M. L. Glasgow and Daniel Gray. The principal witness on the part of the Commonwealth was Dr. Wagner, who made the post mortem examination. The deductions from Dr. Wagner's testimony are that there was no evidence that death was caused by accident, apoplexy or disease, but that it was sudden, and it was extremely probable that death had resulted suddenly by reason of the air being prevented from entering the lungs by suffocation.

The theory of the Commonwealth is that Gordon smothered his wife by holding a pillow over her face until she suffocated, while the defense maintain that she died from epilepsy or natural causes. Gordon was not called to testify, although he could, under the late act of Assembly, have been a witness.

The testimony for the Commonwealth closed at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, and the defense closed at two o'clock on the same day. The balance of the afternoon was occupied by the counsel in their addresses to the jury. Judge Johnston delivered his charge to the jury after supper, and about half-past seven they retired to deliberate on their verdict. They were out all night, and on Thursday morning about half past nine o'clock sent word to the Court that they would like to have some instructions in regard to the different degrees of murder. After receiving the instructions the Court directed the constables having the jury in charge to make some arrangements to have them fed, and they were taken to the Blair House, where they got their breakfasts, when they returned to their room to try and agree upon a verdict.

At half-past two o'clock the jury returned, having agreed upon a verdict of murder in the 2nd degree.

Teachers' Local Institute.

The following program has been prepared for the institute to be held at St. Augustine, on Saturday, March 13th, commencing at 10 o'clock:

1. Value of Local Institutes and Reading Circles to the Teacher.—County Sup't.
2. How to Teach Pupils to Read Naturally and Intelligently.—Celia Durbin.
3. Best Methods in Spelling Classes.—W. A. Wills.
4. Value of School Signals.—Elmira Stahl.
5. What Should We Accomplish in Our Country Schools?—Ella Dunegan.
6. The Practical Use of English Grammar.—Katie Ryan.
7. Variety in School Work.—M. D. Bearer.
8. Methods in Primary Teaching.—Mary Dunegan.

County Superintendent Strayer will present methods and outlines in the various branches and answer questions relating to school room work from teachers and directors.

The teachers, directors and parents, of Clearfield, Dean and surrounding districts, are invited to attend and take part in the exercises of the institute.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months. Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at E. James Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

We Tell You Plainly

that Simmons Liver regulator will rid you of dyspepsia, purify your system, enable you to sleep well, prevent malarial diseases and give you a brisk and vigorous feeling. It acts directly on the liver and kidneys, cleansing, purifying, invigorating and fortifying the system against disease. It will break up chills and fever and prevent their return, and is a complete antidote to all malarial poison—yet entirely free from quinine or calomel.

YOU HAVE often seen women with marked paleness of face, vitiated appetites, and a craving for unwholesome food. These are signs of a disordered liver, and the trouble must be corrected or worse results are sure to follow. Husbands and fathers cannot afford to treat this matter lightly. Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which dispels liver disease, costs less than sick wives and daughters. You will find it a profitable investment.

THE weather is moderating.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The Glasse of Time, in the First and Second Age. Divinely Handled by Thomas Leyton, of Lincolnes Inne, Gent. Seen and Allowed. London: Printed by Bernard Alsop for Lawrence Chapman, and are to be sold at his shop over against Staple Inne, 1620. Now reprinted in a neat volume, long primer type, bound in fine cloth, gilt top, beveled boards. Price fifty cents.

The quaint poem, of the title page of which the above is a correct transcript, appeared nearly a half a century earlier than "Paradise Lost," and it is intrinsically probable that it would have fallen under the eye of Milton; in any case there are striking points of resemblance between the two poems, and many have supposed Milton's immortal work to have been inspired by the former. Only two copies of the work are known to be in existence previous to the issue of the present edition, one being in the British Museum and the other in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The copy in the British Museum was purchased at a noted sale of old books in 1819, by Baron Bolland, who notes upon a blank leaf that it cost him £21 17s. 6d., or about $110. Some years ago a gentleman of Virginia, Mr. L. Peyton, sprung from the old English family of that name, made an accurate transcript of the copy in the British museum, preserving even the quaint spelling, punctuation, capitalization of the original. This present edition is printed without alteration. Apart from its presumed connection with "Paradise Lost," the poem has very considerable merits of its own, and is in every way a literary curiosity. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court since last week:

Joseph Crook, Chest township, and —— Lambarr, White township.

Lewis Holman and Annie C. Landain, Gallitzin borough.

E. R. Frindle, McVeytown, Mifflin county, and Isabella McIlarvey, Johnstown.

Josiah Swank and Elizabeth Countryman, Johnstown.

Michael Ryan, Lilly, and Mary Warner, Summitville.

Andrew Dodson, Chest Springs, and Ellen Moran, Allegheny township.

Frederick Schutte, Johnstown, and Mary Zipt, Conemaugh borough.

John S. Hogan, Lower Yoder township, and Katie Cush, Cambria borough.

Morris Nefzner and Louisa Bishof, Johnstown.

George Haas and Mary Ihm, Cambria borough.

Daniel L. Wissinger, Stonycreek township, and Mary Kelly, Adams township.

John J. Wise, Millville borough, and Sarah M. Owens, Taylor township.

Thomas J. Morgan and Mary Ann Waters, Johnstown.

Stephen Kiss and Catharine Kandratz, Cambria borough.

Walter W. Fulton and Sarah J. Waters, Johnstown.

New Advertisements.

Fearfully Common.

Kidney Complaints Among Both Sexes and All Ages—Brilliant Recovery.

There is something startling in the rapid increase of kidney diseases among the American people within a few years past. Many causes peculiar to certain classes tend to produce and aggravate these troubles—as, for example, careless living, overwork and exposure. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is often congratulated on the exceptional success of his medicine called "Favorite Remedy" in arresting and radically curing these most painful and dangerous disorders. Proofs of this, like the following, are constantly brought to his attention, and are published by him for the sake of thousands of other sufferers whom he desires to reach and benefit.—The letter, therefore, may be of vital importance to you or to some one whom you know. It is from one of the best known and popular druggists in the fine and growing city from which he writes, where those interested may find Mr. Crawford at his place of business on the corner of Main and Union streets:

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., March 22, 1884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—For ten years I had been afflicted with Kidney disease in its most acute form. What I suffered must be left to the imagination, for no one can appreciate it except those who have gone through it. I resorted to many physicians and to many different kinds of treatment, and spent a great deal of money only to find myself older and worse than ever. I may say that I used twenty-five bottles of a preparation widely advertised as a specific for this precise sort of troubles, and found it entirely useless—at least in my case. Your "FAVORITE REMEDY"—I say it with a perfect recollection of all that was done for me besides—is the *only* thing that did me the slightest good, and I am happy to admit that it gave me permanent relief. I have recommended "FAVORITE REMEDY" to many people for kidney disease, and they all agree with me in saying that DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY has not its equal in the wide world for this distressing and often fatal complaint. Use this letter as you deem best for the benefit of others. Yours, &c., LYMAN CRAWFORD.

Notice of Appeals.

NOTICE is hereby given that Appeals will be held at the Commissioners' Office, in the Borough of Ebensburg, on the following named days, for the different districts:

Monday, March 22d.

Adams, Allegheny, Barr, Blacklick, Upper Yoder and Lower Yoder Townships.

Tuesday, March 23d.

Carroll, Cambria, Croyle and Richland Townships and Carrolltown and Grubbtown Boroughs.

Wednesday, March 24th.

Washington, Chest, Elder and Portage Townships, and the 1st and 2d wards of Cambria Boro'.

Thursday, March 25th.

Reade, White, Munster, Gallitzin and Dean Townships and Gallitzin, Tunnelhill and Chest Springs Boroughs.

Friday, March 26th.

Conemaugh, Clearfield and Stonycreek Townships, and 1st and 2d wards of Conemaugh Borough.

Monday, March 29th.

First, Second and Third wards of Johnstown Borough, and Prospect Borough.

Tuesday, March 30th.

Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh wards of Johnstown Borough.

Wednesday, March 31st.

Susquehanna Township, Coopersdale and Wilmore Boroughs, and East and West Taylor Townships.

Thursday, April 1st.

East Conemaugh, Franklin, Loretto and Lilly Boroughs, and Jackson and Summerhill Townships.

Friday, April 2d.

First and Second wards of Millville Borough, Woodvale Borough, and East and West wards of Ebensburg Borough.

Appeals on unseated lands will be held on the same date as seated lands.

The Assessors are required by law to attend on the day of appeals for their districts.

JOHN KIRBY,
JAMES COSTLOW, } Commissioners.
DAVID HAMILTON,

Attest:
D. A. McGough, Clerk.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.—*To the Democrats of Cambria County:* I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for the office of Register and Recorder at the ensuing Democratic Primary Election.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR.

Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 26, 1886.

FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER.—*To the Democracy of Cambria County:* I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Register and Recorder, subject to the decision of the next Democratic Primary Election.

THOMAS HOOVER.

Cambria township, March 3, 1886.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing in the blacksmithing business, in Ebensburg and Beltzhoover, under the firm name of Custer & Sensebaugh, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons owing bills to the firm for work done at the shop in Ebensburg are hereby notified to make settlement with S. B. Sensebaugh on or before the 20th of March next, as after that date the books will be left with an officer for collection. All claims against said firm will be settled by E. Custer at Ebensburg.

EMANUEL CUSTER,
S. B. SENSEBAUGH.

Ebensburg, Feb. 19, 1886.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into Scrofula. This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of Hereditary Scrofula.

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.—The following persons have filed "Petitions for License" with the Clerk of Quarter Sessions of Cambria County to be presented to the Court on Monday, March 15, 1886:

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—John Orris.

ALLEGHENY TWP.

Tavern—Fred. Bush.

BARR TWP.

Tavern—Eberhart Gessler.

CAMBRIA BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Quart—Patrick Green, Patrick Scanlan; Tavern—Elizabeth Judge, Bridget Howe, Charles Boyle, John Waters, John Kists, Patrick McLaughlin, Peter Fitzpatrick, Patrick Boyle, Ignatius Fisher, Edward Hayes, Francis E. Kelly, Peter Roth, Hugh McConnell, Henry Saly, Jacob Hartman, Frank Kurtz; Eating House—Martin Logan.

CAMBRIA BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—John Lyeth, David Burkhard, George Aigner, Jacob Shaffer, John Sheffauer, Michael Curley, Peter Toner, John E. Fees.

CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.

Tavern—Lawrence Schroth, A. H. Haug, H. A. Englehart, James Stolz & Co., Edward L. Binder; Eating House—Frederick Eger, Mrs. B. A. Blum, John Stolz; Quart—J. J. Haug & Bro., Gray & Williams.

CARROLL TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—Thomas Weakland, James A. Bagley.

CHEST TOWNSHIP.

Tavern—Joseph Rhody.

CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.

Tavern—John Crouse, Mary A. Hoerle.

CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.

Eating House—F. S. Burgoon.

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Tavern—P. S. Frohnhoff, Earhart Malzi, John Karr, George Held, John Gaus, Philip Hertzinger, Frederick Henter, John Karl, Charles Munzer.

CONEMAUGH BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Benjamin Kist, Josiah Swank, Albert Leckey, Charles Hoffman, F. Oscar Werther, Benedict Eger, Andrew Fitzsimmons, Unity Datey, Catharine A. Sloan, Laura Tookey, Mrs. Anna Ernst, Kate Walcher.

CONEMAUGH TWP.

Eating House—Mrs. Lena Shaffer.

CROYLE TWP.

Tavern—Charles N. Crouse, Peter Brown, John D. Wentroth, Henry Hartman, A. J. Skelly, Jas. Mulherron, John Griffith.

DEAN TWP.

Tavern—Thomas Dunphy, Leonard Hollis, J. J. Rhody; Quart—D. G. Myers; Eating House—F. D. & Chas. Burgoon.

EAST CONEMAUGH BOR.

Tavern—John Faileng, George A. Confer, William J. Canan, Margaret Kelly.

EBENSBURG—EAST WARD.

Tavern—J. B. Denny.

EBENSBURG—WEST WARD.

Tavern—John A. Blair, John Bender, P. F. Brown.

ELDER TWP.

Tavern—Francis X. Ott, Charles Endler; Eating House—Jacob S. Kline.

FRANKLIN BOR.

Tavern—Peter Kubritz.

GALLITZIN BOR.

Tavern—Michael Fitzharris, Henry G. Haug, Max. Stehle, Arnold Lenz, Charles Drass, Joseph M. Gunning, D. C. Burk, Griffith Bonner; Eating House—Andrew Geagler, Joseph Daschner.

GRUBBTOWN BOR.

Tavern—Mrs. Catharine Ream, John O. C. McIntyre.

JOHNSTOWN—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Daniel Lyvett, Joseph Crouse, John Coad, George Keogh, John Schiffauer, John Franke, Neal Sharkey, Philip Schultheiser, Thomas Kinney, Conrad Hoffman, George C. Rust, John James, E. H. Willower, Patrick O'Connell; Quart—Job Morgan, John Rabb.

JOHNSTOWN—THIRD WARD.

Tavern—John D. Thomas, James J. Milligan, John J. Hornick, William Thomas, Robert Sagerson, Chas. Zimmerman, Sr., Charles Oswald, Stephen Quirk, William H. Thompson, Mrs. C. Kast, Joseph Kost, John Murton, H. Fritz and Charles Weis, John Fritz, John V. Shaffer, Joseph Beiter, Hugh Greenwood, Charles H. McAteer, John McCann; Quart—Fisher & Co., John Ludwig & Son, Henry G. Ludwig.

JOHNSTOWN—FOURTH WARD.

Tavern—Thomas J. Lewis, Eckhart Pfeil, Frederick W. Hoffman; Eating House—C. J. Schnable, F. P. Weir; Quart—William Thomas.

JOHNSTOWN—FIFTH WARD.

Tavern—Henry H. Thomas; Eating House—John L. Corp.

JOHNSTOWN—SIXTH WARD.

Tavern—William Shaffer.

JOHNSTOWN—SEVENTH WARD.

Tavern—Andrew Abler, John B. Gearhart.

LILLY BOROUGH.

Tavern—C. Robins, C. A. George, Margaret Bostle, George Brandt, John Metzgar, Edward Mulherron, Simon Ryan; Eating House—Theodore Sell.

LORETTO BOROUGH.

Tavern—C. F. O'Donnell, A. J. Christy, Florian Hengele.

MILLVILLE BOROUGH—FIRST WARD.

Tavern—Evan A. James, Neil McAneny, Patrick Rodgers, Edw. McLaughlin, Owen McCue, Jr., Andrew Wenn, E. J. Vinton, Catharine Dowling; Eating House—Austin Neary.

MILLVILLE BOROUGH—SECOND WARD.

Tavern—Thomas McDermott, John Honan, James Dailey, Michael Lynch, William Marshall, James F. Burns, Sarah Minahan; Eating House—Ellen Connelly; Quart—Michael McBride.

PORTAGE TWP.

Tavern—Jesse McGough, John J. McDonald.

PROSPECT BOROUGH.

Tavern—Thomas Kelly, Mary Neary.

READE TWP.

Tavern—David Brookbank, James Laing, W. A. Chaplin; Eating House—Albert Yonkin.

RICHLAND TWP.

Tavern—John Himes, John H. Watkins.

SUMMIT BOROUGH.

Tavern—John Burns, John H. Clark, John P. O'Neill, W. R. Dunham; Eating House—Louisa Weiser.

SUSQUEHANNA TWP.

Tavern—Philip P. Miller.

STONYCREEK TWP.

Tavern—C. J. Shaffer, Conrad Ream, Milton J. Gunder; Eating House—Joseph Bolts.

TUNNELHILL BOROUGH.

Tavern—William McGarvey, Catharine Fitzpatrick, Andrew Baird, Albert F. Ficks, Richard Byrne.

WASHINGTON TWP.

Tavern—Patrick S. Myers, Michael Donohoe.

WILMORE BOROUGH.

Tavern—Joseph Homer, Conrad Wentroth; Eating House—James McBreen.

LOWER YODER TWP.

Tavern—Michael Conway, Francis Leckey.

UPPER YODER TWP.

Tavern—Charles Hochstein, J. A. O'Connor.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Clerk.

Clerk's Office, Ebensburg, Feb. 22, 1886.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Asa H. Fiske, late of White township, Cambria county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN H. FISKE, Administrator.

Fiske P. O., Jan. 29, 1886.-6t.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre Street.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

PREPARE FOR SPRING!

BEAR IN MIND
THAT OUR
SPRING STOCK FOR CLOTHING
WILL BE COMPLETE BY
FEBRUARY 10th.

ALFRED E. GOETZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Eleventh Avenue — — — Altoona, Penn'a.

Hardware! Hardware!

IMPORTANT TO CITIZENS OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.

WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF Informing the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, that we have opened out in the Tudor building on High street, a new, large and complete stock of hardware of every description,

☞ MECHANICS' TOOLS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
☞ FARM IMPLEMENTS, FORKS, SPADES, BLACK-
☞ SMITH TOOLS, HORSE SHOES, HARROW PINS
☞ NAILS OF ALL KINDS, BAR IRON and STEEL,
☞ HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS, RE-
☞ VOLVERS, CUTLERY, GUNS, SHELLS,
☞ CARTRIDGES, TWINES, CORDAGE, ETC.

Referring to the above, we respectfully ask the citizens of Ebensburg and surrounding country for a share of their patronage. We have been regularly trained in the hardware business, have bought our goods for cash and believe we can offer great inducements to those who desire to purchase.

E. DUFTON & SON.

EBENSBURG, April 3, 1885.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches
In Key and Stem Winders.

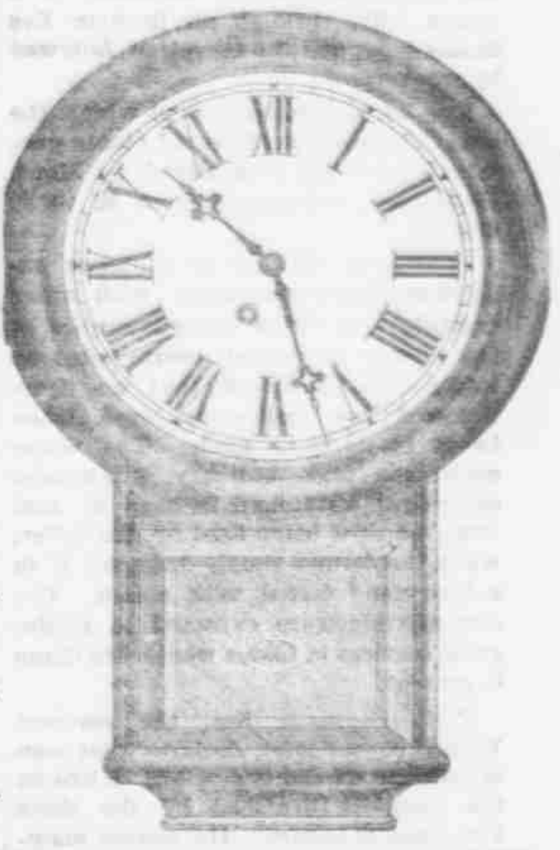
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885.-tf.



THE BOTTOM IS REACHED at LAST!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF HARDWARE EVER OFFERE
in the County can be found at my Store. These are all First-Cla
Goods, which were bought for Cash at rock-bottom prices. I do no
buy or keep in stock any Cheap Job Lot or Auction Goods, an
whatever you buy from me you can rely on being worth the money
you invest. Owing to an advance I am now selling many goods
much less than I can replace them for, but I shall continue to sell
Bottom Prices until I am compelled to replenish my stock. Whe
you want a Cooking or Heating Stove, Tinware, Hardware, Nail
Iron, Glass, Trunks and Farming Implements, call and see my St
and learn my Prices. ☞ I will not be undersold. [Aug. 13, '8

G. HUNTLEY,
HIGH STREET, — — — EBENSBUR

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $160,000
Only 7 Assessments in 28 Years.
GOOD FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1883.-1y.

FOR SALE.—A [illegible] valuable town lot [illegible] Loretto, Pa., in a very desirable location for business, and having thereon a good dwelling house, storeroom, stable and other outbuildings, together with a number of good bearing apple trees, well of good water and cistern, all of which are in good condition, will be sold at a very low figure. For terms, etc., apply on the premises, to JAMES O'DONNELL.
Loretto, Jan. [illegible]

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
AND TIN ROOFING,
[illegible]
☞ No penitentiary work [illegible] at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourself as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 17, 1885.-tf.

WANTED.—Ladies and gentlemen in city or country to take light work at their own homes. $3 to $4 a day can be easily made; work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address, with stamp, CROWN M'F'G COMPANY, 294 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

JOHN E. SCANLAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov. [illegible] EBENSBURG, PA.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.

P.r.T-Showing-Through

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Items Which Will Prove of Interest to Our Readers.

The difficulty experienced in soldering pieces of alumnium together or with other metals has been removed in France, by the use of an alloy of tin and alumnium instead of pure tin.

A substitute for quinine, described as being even superior to that remedy, is obtained from a Peruvian plant known to botanists as *Latona Braziliense.*

In Zanzibar the leaves of a species of fig are used for polishing wood, just as we employ sand paper, and are said to give a polish that sand paper cannot impart.

A butterfly, a creature supposed to live only two or three days, was last year kept alive in a glass cage in England for 121 days, its age at confinement being unknown.

The beautiful red plumage of a species of South African birds has been chemically examined and found to be due to copper. When birds are kept from food containing copper they entirely lose the tint produced by that material.

Railway men are beginning to condemn the locomotive headlight, which, by the way, is not in use in Europe. They say it is of little or no utility, and its powerful illumination tends to render indistinct the colors of signal lights on the track ahead.

A novel gas light, devised by Dr. Auer, has been in operation in a chemical labaratory at Vienna. A cotton wick saturated with an incombustible metal solution is introduced into the flame of an ordinary Eusen lamp, the result being a light similar to the incandescent electric light.

Not a single instance of color-blindness has been found by Schwarzbach in examination of two thousand Hottentots, Malays, Melanesians, Australians, Maoris and Polynesians; and he concludes that the defect is confined to the white race, and is due to influences connected with civilized life.

The common perfumes used in confectionery and cordials have been investigated by two French chemists.—Large quantities of these chemicals proved poisonous to animals, but it is doubtful whether the quantities actually employed by confectioners or liquor manufacturers are considerable enough to do harm.

A new theory of the formation of coal has been propounded by Mons. L. Breton, who considers it to have been produced by the sinking of floating islands like those which now occur on many lakes and rivers, and which are especially noticeable in the Upper Nile. The turf of which these island are chiefly composed becomes fossilized at the bottom of the water.

Although tried quite a number of times, surgical operations for the removal of tumors and other foreign substances from the stomach have almost invariably been unsuccessful. The second successful case has just been reported from England, where a large mass of hair, weighing about a pound, was removed from the stomach of a young lady, through an incision five inches long, and the operation followed by recovery.

The lowest temperature at which the seeds of common cultivated plants germinate has been determined by Mons. Hellreigell, and ranges from 32 to 40 degrees.

In some of the English collieries experiments have been made with water cartridges, in which the gunpowder of the charge is entirely surrounded by water. It is stated that no flame followed the explosions, even when heavy blasts were made. The water cartridges and ordinary gunpowder cartridges were fired in bags of coal dust, the dust being fired by the latter, while the former simply dispersed it in a dark cloud mixed with steam. The new cartridges are expected to render great services in mines where fire-damp is present.

Prof. Germain See, the eminent French physiologist, declares that man is omnivorous and is destined to live on the elements furnished by the three kingdoms of nature. He cannot maintain robust health on meat alone, nor can he live on vegetables alone. The practice of pure vegetarianism is simply impossible, and the so-called vegetarians are compelled to make up the deficiency in their food by consuming a quantity of such animal substances as milk, eggs and butter. From the mineral kingdom must be had pure water, which can be replaced by no other fluid.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris has now about $15,000 a year to disburse in prizes, of which thirty-three are at its disposal. Although in most cases the competing essays or memoirs may be written in any modern language, prizes often remain unawarded on account of the lack of merit of all papers presented. The 1885 prizes awarded in December include one to Mons. Colladon, of Geneva, for the application of condensed air as a motive power in tunneling mountains; one to Dr. Edlund, of Stockholm, for a memoir on the electrical tension of the atmosphere, in which he treats the earth itself as a great magnet; and one to Mons. Chamberland, Pastuer's principal assistant, for a Chinaware filter which is said to stop any and every germ or organic particle of every kind. In addition to the above amount the Academy holds $20,000 as the Breant prize for a cure for cholera, the interest of that sum being divided among several minor writers on the causes of that disease.

WANTED.—A farm that will raise something more than a mortgage.

A river that does not have to be dammed before it is worth a cuss for a mill.

Some information as to the best method of breaking a mule without breaking his neck.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. For sale by F. James.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

If you wish to Farm for Profit, READ—
"HOW THE FARM PAYS," 412 pages, $2.50
If you wish to Garden for Profit, READ—
"GARDENING FOR PROFIT," 300 pages, $1.50
If you wish to become a Florist, READ—
"PRACTICAL FLORICULTURE," 300 pages, $1.50
All By PETER HENDERSON.

Any of the above books mailed free on receipt of the price. Our Catalogue for 1886, of 140 pages, containing descriptions and illustrations of the *newest, best,* and *rarest SEEDS* and *PLANTS,* will be mailed on receipt of 6 cts. in stamps to cover postage.

Peter Henderson & Co. 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

IMMUNITY from ANNOYANCE

"PEARL TOP" LAMP CHIMNEY

Pat. Oct. 30th, 1883.

Made only of the finest and best quality of Glass for withstanding heat.
Every good thing is Counterfeited, and consumers are CAUTIONED against IMITATIONS of these Chimneys made of VERY POOR GLASS. See that the exact label is on each chimney as above. The Pearl Top is always clear and bright Glass.

Manufactured ONLY by
GEO. A. MACBETH & CO.
Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS.

THE
CHICAGO
COTTAGE
ORGAN

Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.
UNEQUALED FACILITIES.
SKILLED WORKMEN.
BEST MATERIAL.
COMBINED, MAKE THIS
THE POPULAR ORGAN
Instruction Books and Piano Stools.
Catalogues and Price Lists, on application, FREE.
The Chicago Cottage Organ Co.
Corner Randolph and Ann Streets,
CHICAGO, ILL.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER,
And Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
ALTOONA, PA.

Citizens of Cambria county and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c. at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest.
Altoona, April 18, 1883.-tf.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Illustrated American STOCK BOOK

A treatment of diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, Poultry, &c. Thousands sold in the West. No farmer can afford to be without it. "It is the best work of the kind I ever saw." Price: cloth, $3; leather, $3.75. Territory given. Agents Wanted.
Knickerbocker Subscription Agency,
P. O. Box 806. 102 Nassau St., New York.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS
have stood for 50 years as the Standard Remedy for the cure of Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sick Headache, and all derangements of the Liver. "Sellers' Liver Pills are the best Pills in use." Their wonderful popularity is due to their reliability. They are sold by all druggists. — R. E. SELLERS & CO., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TUTT'S
PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

THE NEW CORSET.
TRICORA RELIEF

Sample Pair mailed on receipt of $1.00.

Price $1.00. Ask for it.

J. G. FITZPATRICK & CO., Mfrs.,
71 Leonard Street, NEW YORK.

Please mention this paper in ordering.

TEA CLUBS.
THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO
210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ANAKESIS
PILES

"ANAKESIS" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price $1, at Druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York.

PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

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A WONDERFUL PLACE.

A WONDERFUL PLACE.

The immense Krupp works at Essen are rigorously closed against visitors and the outside world has been unable therefore to learn much of the renowned establishment where the most terrific engines of warfare are made for Germany and her friends. At last a determined Yankee has penetrated into the mysterious realms of this modernized Vulcan, with full privileges of conveying his discoveries to the rest of mankind, and the result is a deeply interesting article in the March *Harper's,* called "An Iron City beside the Ruhr," by Moncure D. Conway, with an abundance of illustrations.

In describing at length such an attractive field for the first time, it is not strange that Mr. Conway reveals some startling facts and conveys some rare information. The curious processes of steel working are graphically described. It seems that the Krupp guns which have elevated Germany to the highest military rank and by whose reputation alone the Essen works are generally known, engage but a small part of Herr Krupp's attention. Two-thirds of the work is devoted to the arts of peace. His establishment is said to constitute the largest business in the world dependent on a single individal. We can appreciate this partly when told that it covers over five hundred acres, employs over twenty thousand hands, includes colonies of four thousand laborers' houses, with churches, schools, stores and hospitals; that Herr Krupp owns, among other possessions, five hundred and forty-seven iron mines, four steamers, about five hundred steam engines, and fifty miles of railway; that he produces every day two and a half miles of rails, 1,500 bomb shells, and untold quantities of other things. The colossal hammers, the belching furnaces, the frightful abysses of molten steel, and the astounding weapons of war and peace here manufactured, give the reader an impression that this is the kingdom where the work of Titians is done by pygmies, and where Dante's awful imaginings are excelled by actual realities.

Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to "suffer!"
With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily
With Hop Bitters!!!

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near loosing my
Life!
My trouble always comes after eating any food—
However light
And digestible.
For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most
Excruciating pains,
"And the only way I ever got"
"Relief!"
Was by throwing up all my stomach contained. No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until
"At last?"
I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and
Could eat nothing!
My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain; their
Efforts were no good to me.
At last I heard a good deal
"About your Hop Bitters!
And determined to try them."
Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of
One!
Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a
"Sick!"
Hour, from the same cause since.
I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such
"Advocate as I am."—Geo. Kendall, Allston, Boston, Mass.

Columbus *Advocate,* Texas, April 21, '83. Dear Editor:—I have tried your Hop Bitters, and find they are good for any complaint. The best medicine I ever used in my family. H. TALENER.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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of all kind of Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, &c. promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Ware Room on High street, opposite the Congregational church. Please call and examine goods whether you wish to purchase or not.
E. B. CRESSWELL.
Ebensburg, April 18, 1884.-tf.

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T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent!
EBENSBURG, PA.,
Policies written at short notice in the old reliable
ÆTNA,
Old Hartford
And other First-Class Companies.

MISTAKES OF FARMERS.

An exchange furnishes us with the following list:

1. To think that anyone can farm: that a man who has starved as a canvasser for a patent tooth pick, or has been unsuccessful as a carpenter, can jump into a business requiring high intelligence and persevering efforts and being unfamiliar with details, be able to to make money.

2. The idea that a large farm, half stocked and poorly cultivated, pays better than a few acres well and carefully tilled.

3. What is it but the worst kind of a mistake to pay hundreds of dollars for good farm machinery, and allow it for want of proper shelter to rot and become useless a year or two sooner than it should?

4. It is a mistake to let year after year pass by with no attempt to improve the quality of the farm stock. Blooded cattle pay. They make beef quicker, and the cows give more and richer milk. Better blood in horses pays. A Norman or part Norman colt is a valuable piece of property.

5. To let foolish pride or narrow-minded jealousy prevent the adoption of new methods when they have been proved by practical men.

6. To get up after the sun, lean on the fork handle, speculate for an hour or two on what the weather is going to be, let the weeds get a good start, and then wonder why farming doesn't pay.

7. To leave a lot of unchopped, wet or half-split wood at the pile, a lot of old harness hanging in the kitchen and muddy tracks in the dining room, and expect to see the women folks good natured.

8. To have a lot of half fed, emaciated, lonesome-looking fowls roosting dejectedly in some old cottonwood tree, when a few good, healthy Plymouth Rock or Brahma chickens, properly housed, would make the poultry yard an honor instead of a disgrace.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic [illegible] and commands applause for his [illegible] excitements. But, all un[illegible], an alarm come—the rudder of [illegible]stitution is gone. He has been care[illegible] its preservation; mental strain, [illegible] achievements, irregular habits, [illegible] work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

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the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring the color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1. sizes at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The Best Cough Cure you can use
and the best preventive known for Consumption.
PARKER'S TONIC keeps the blood pure, the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and Stomach in working order. Coughs and Colds vanish before it.
If you suffer from Debility, Skin Eruptions, Cough, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Kidney, Urinary or Female Complaints, or any disorder of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Blood or Nerves, don't wait till you are sick in bed, but use PARKER'S TONIC to-day; it will give you new life and vigor.
HISCOX & CO., N. Y.
Sold by Druggists. Large saving buying $1 size.

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COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

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clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

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Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Well's Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ring-worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."
Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.
Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."
"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

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All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with.
D. M. CRUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

Consult Dr. BUTTS
[illegible]

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[illegible] on receipt of $1.00.
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Lots of People Say,
"OH MY BACK."

Here is Solid
A 1 TESTIMONY
from Hard Working Men.

Machinist and Builder.
"I have been troubled years with kidney and bladder difficulty. After using four bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY I have been completely cured."—William C. Clark, Mason and Builder, Auburn, N. Y.
* * * "Health is better than wealth." * *

Machinist.
Mr. George Karg, Machinist, 1138 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., says:—"My disease started when I was quite a young lad by having weak kidneys. I have used just six bottles of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and I solemnly proclaim, 'I feel like a new man.'"
* * "Good counsel has no price, obey it." * *

Mechanic.
Mr. Henry Williams, Mechanic, East Bridgeport, Conn., says:—"About two months ago I caught a heavy cold, which settled in my kidneys. I got a bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY and with the first dose began to get well."
* * * "Light suppers makes long lives." * * *

Railroad Man.
Frank B. Lee, office N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Little Falls, N. Y., June 8, 1883, says: "My father, 62 years old, had severe kidney and bladder disease for 20 years, urination causing acute pain. The weakness was so great he was obliged to wear a rubber bag. Twelve bottles of HUNT'S Kidney REMEDY completely cured him, and we consider it remarkable. We cheerfully recommend it."
* * * "Deeds are better than words." * * *

HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has stood the test of time. It has been before the public for twenty years, and has cured every year thousands of people suffering from various diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, and kindred disorders, who had failed to get relief from doctors and who expected never to be cured. Thousands of testimonials from such persons attest its value. Send for book.
* * * "Alls well that ends well." * * *
Sold by all druggists. Price $1.25.
HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I.
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Only Temperance Bitters Known.
VINEGAR BITTERS
PURELY VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.
Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.
It is a purely Vegetable Preparation, made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.
It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.
It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.
The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.
No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.
These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.
There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.
Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.
It Invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other minerals, all poisonous matter from the system. It is easy of administration, prompt in action, and certain in its results.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Pneumonia, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are at once relieved by VINEGAR BITTERS.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. In these, as in all constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown its great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to Paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take occasional doses of VINEGAR BITTERS.
Skin Diseases, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Swellings, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
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For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood when its impurities burst through the skin in Eruptions or Sores; cleanse it when obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when, and the health of the system will follow.
In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.
R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.
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THE FREEMAN is a good paper in which to Advertise.

HEALTH HINTS.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

One of the secrets of muscular [illegible]peration is in stopping when fatigue be[illegible]gins from exercise. He or she who [illegible] not the fresher in body and mind [illegible] the exercise taken, has had an overdo[illegible] of what in proper measure would hav[illegible] proved a benefit. The gain in streng[illegible] is shown and felt in the increasing abil[illegible]ity to do more and more without [illegible]haustion. The measure of success [illegible] not in the greatness of the feat accom[illegible]plished, but in the ease with which [illegible] exercise is indulged in, and in the ab[illegible]sence of exhaustion after it. There [illegible] occasions frequent enough in which people in the struggle of life are forc[illegible] beyond their powers of endurance, [illegible] there is no need to carry into the pur[illegible]suit of recreation the fatigue which exacting work imposes. For beginne[illegible] this is important; after a time one [illegible] take more exercise and feel no fatigue.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Children's teeth are often neglec[illegible] by parents, who give the young mou[illegible] little attention until decay and [illegible] child's complaint of toothache w[illegible] them of their duty. Even if they kno[illegible] there is decay going on they dismiss [illegible] subject with the thought that they [illegible] only the first or temporary teeth, wh[illegible] will soon be replaced by perman[illegible] ones. This is a great mistake, as [illegible] regularity of the second set depen[illegible] largely upon the healthy conditio[illegible] the first, which should be retained [illegible] their places until the second set is rea[illegible] to appear, when they will generally [illegible] out or become loosened, and are ea[illegible] removed. Much mischief is done [illegible] premature decay and to extraction [illegible] the temporary teeth—a dangerous m[illegible]take, which should be avoided if a[illegible] trouble would be prevented.

One of the most beautiful provisi[illegible] of nature in the human economy is [illegible] for the removal of the first teeth by [illegible] sorption of their roots to make room [illegible] the second to advance. Some tim[illegible] this absorption does not go on [illegible] enough, and the second tooth is obse[illegible]ed to be coming through before the [illegible] is loosened. In such a case the denti[illegible] should be consulted, who, if he [illegible] made a proper study of this freq[illegible] condition of things, will very readi[illegible] correct it.

COLD FEET IN BED.

This is a very common complai[illegible] and one that causes a great dea[illegible] sleeplessness. First, on retiring [illegible] night, and early in the morning we [illegible] awakened by cold feet, and cannot g[illegible] them warm save by drawing them [illegible] almost to the chin. This occurs [illegible] only in the young but in the middl[illegible] aged and the old. For this there [illegible] two remedies, the hot bottle and [illegible] lamb's wool socks, either or both [illegible] which may be used. When we consid[illegible] that during the day, while we are [illegible]tive, we wear stockings and shoes, [illegible] it not seem strange that at night, wh[illegible] the temperature of the air is lower, [illegible] when we are inactive, that our fe[illegible] should have less covering than dur[illegible] the day? The reasonable plan is [illegible] have a special pair of socks for nig[illegible] use, and put them on when going [illegible] bed, and change them when we get [illegible] The result will be better and more [illegible]rene sleep; consequently we shall [illegible] more able to undergo our daily [illegible]tions. I say at once to all who suff[illegible] from cold feet, get a pair of warm so[illegible] for night wear. A good walk [illegible] half an hour before retiring warms [illegible] feet and sends a nice glow all throu[illegible] the body, and disposes to sleep. [illegible] must not be supposed that these rem[illegible]dies make one less able to stand [illegible] they are simply to retain the heat of [illegible] body and allow of comfort, and if [illegible] lowed much benefit will be derived.

LAZINESS.

Laziness is a libel on nature.

It is productive in life and dies [illegible]

The devil is its only counsel in its [illegible]fense.

It is content with the efforts of its ancestors.

It is the only successful persecution [illegible] know of.

It is preferable to licentiousness, [illegible] that's about all.

A lazy person is an accident and ou[illegible] to be born again.

Laziness don't seem even to get up [illegible] the dignity of sin.

When inherited it is as hard to [illegible] above, as to climb a greased pole.

A lazy man is generally worth w[illegible] his hide will bring, and no more.

I don't believe that Heaven bless[illegible] lazy man once in a thousand years.

It is hale and hearty for its age, [illegible] does not appear to be going out of fash[illegible]ion.

It trusts to luck for its existence, [illegible] luck drums up trade for the po[illegible] house.

Next to hot whiskey it has done m[illegible] to degrade humanity than any o[illegible] one thing.

It is a curse to humanity and [illegible] had but one successful rival—the [illegible]custs of Egypt.

When I content myself with a l[illegible] person I am generally suffering f[illegible] something to fondle.

The more I study this subject [illegible] more anxious I am to know wha[illegible] lazy people are born for any way.

No Boon That Science Has Conferred Has been fraught with greater [illegible] than that which has accrued to the inhabi[illegible]tants of malarial ridden portions of the Uni[illegible]ted States and the Tropics from the use [illegible] Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The experi[illegible]ence of many years has but too clearly [illegible]onstated the inefficiency of quinine and [illegible]er drugs to effectually combat the [illegible] of intermittent, congestive and bilious [illegible]mittent fevers, while on the other hand [illegible] has been no less clearly shown that the [illegible] of the Bitters, a medicine congenial to [illegible] frailest constitution, and derived from [illegible] botanic sources, affords a reliable safeguard against malarial disease, and arrest it [illegible] developed. For disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for general debility [illegible] renal inactivity, it is also a most eff[illegible] remedy. Appetite and sleep are impro[illegible] by it, it expels rheumatic humors from [illegible] blood, and enriches a circulation impov[illegible]ished by mal-assimilation.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after [illegible] day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise [illegible] $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send [illegible] Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia.